

AUGUST 1988

A U S T R A L I A N

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PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**PAUL
HOGAN**

**BRISBANE'S
JOHANNA
HOTTER THAN
THE FITZGERALD
INQUIRY**

**AUSTRALIA'S
MOST EROTIC
TOWNS**

**THE SECRET
LIFE OF 007**

**THE
OUTLAWS
OF THE
YACHTING
WORLD**

**CHOPPING
GREENIES
DOWN
TO SIZE**

**STAR TREKKIE:
BING CROSBY'S
GRANDDAUGHTER
SHOWS ALL**



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 WHITES, A PARTICULARLY ELEGANT
 FUME BLANC, A FINELY BALANCED
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 BODIED VERDELHAO* AND FOR THOSE
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Playbill

As winter nears its end, it is perhaps an appropriate time to talk about cold wars. During the year, television viewers have been witnesses to a host of wars and skirmishes: hot wars, cold wars, undeclared wars. But it's the cold war that's the legacy of the mid-to-late 20th century, an era which ushered in the spy as an international, mysterious superstar, a bankable act. Of course no spy was more bankable than James Bond, whose antics are known to all, but few people realise the extent to which Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, dabbled in world politics. Author **Alexander Cockburn** reports that Fleming saw life as a Bond movie, and we've been suffering for it ever since. The stunning artwork is by Collide Studio's **Clyde Terry**.

A war of a different sort is being conducted in Australia. It's a war between the greenies, trendy left conservationists, and rural workers. The frontline of this dispute is the tiny timber town of Ravenshoe in North Queensland, where timber workers are ready to cut the greenies down to size. *Australian Playboy* sent writer **Robert Reid** to the war-zone for a no-holds-barred account. Artwork is by **Frants Kantor**.

The navy traditionally takes care of war on the water, but not so in many of Australia's picturesque harbors, which are home to the he-men of the yachting world, the notorious 18-footers who are ready to take on anybody. It's reputed they're so tough they eat rugby players for breakfast. Sports journalist **Paul Tait** entered the spray to find out what makes these blokes tick. Photography is by leading water lensman **Tony Nolan**.

Talking about blokes who are prepared to have a go, actor Paul Hogan has certainly won his fight for international recognition, although he's still keen to declare war on Australia's film bureaucrats. The Americans are fascinated by Hoges, so *Playboy* sent writer **David Rensin** to the depths of New York to interview the man and give us an American's-eye view of the Dundee phenomenon. Photography is by **Randy O'Rourke**.

Brisbane is the front-line for the battle between good and evil, and daily reports from the Fitzgerald Inquiry have left locals shell-shocked. But our lovely Miss August, Johanna Oetiker, is undeterred by the muckraking — she's still happy to call Brisbane home. Photography is by **Bob Watson**. *Star Trek* fans know war can be out of this world, and this month Bing Crosby's granddaughter, Denise Crosby, who stars as security officer of the USS *Enterprise*, gives us something to salute in an unusual photo session with **Phillip Dixon**.

The battle to stay young is unwinnable — or is it? Our sceptic **Dan Greenburg** travelled to the Swiss headquarters of the war against age and visited a clinic where they say injecting sheep cells is the secret to everlasting youth.

Life may be one long battle, but trying to earn sexual favors from women can be hell on earth. One of Australia's leading satirists, **Barry Dickins**, maps out Australian towns where he hoped to get laid without getting waylaid. According to many men, harems are a safe haven from the battle of the sexes, but according to another of Australia's humorous writers, **Colin Bowles**, they aren't what they're cracked up to be.

For many guys the battle's won when they climb behind the steering wheel of their first fully owned, big-bucks, prestige car. But writer **Phil Ackman**, who has just stepped into this class, is fighting mad about smooth deals on upmarket wheels. He's declared the "prestige car consultant" the motorist's enemy, and in a wickedly funny article, tells how he payed for expensive "lemon aid". Artwork is by the ever-amusing **Stuart Billington**.

Of course there's lots more in this month's *Australian Playboy*. So our advice is settle back and read this issue — you'll certainly win the war against boredom.



NOLAN

ACKMAN

DIXON



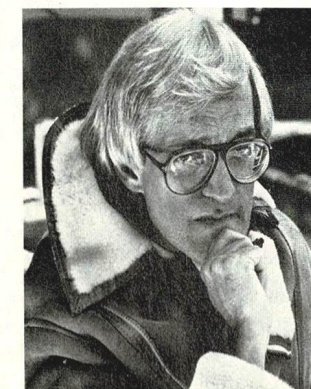
RENSIN



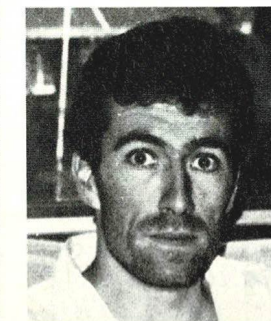
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GREENBURG



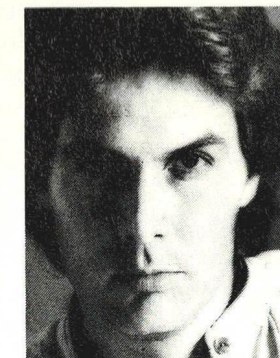
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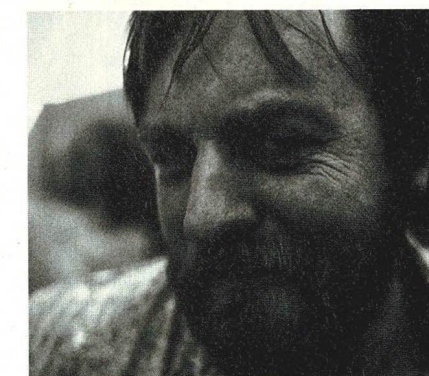
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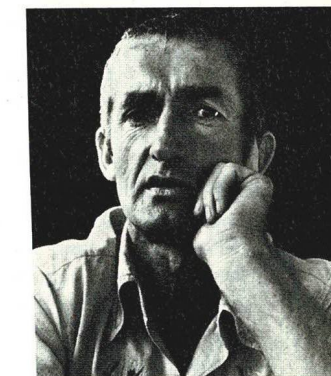
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FINANCE

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

PHYLLIS AGIOS subscription manager.

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coordinator; JUDIE FELDMAN traffic & production
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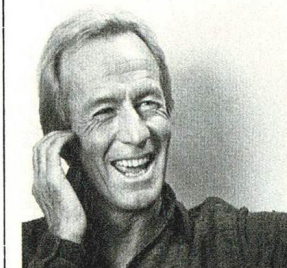
August 1988. Cover Johanna Oetiker. Photographed by Bob Watson.

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Down Under tells how
it feels to be the most
celebrated Australian of
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SPYGAMES ARE FOREVER

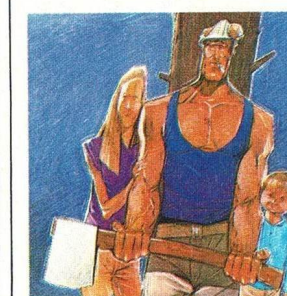
Ian Fleming, friend of
world statesmen, saw
life as a James Bond
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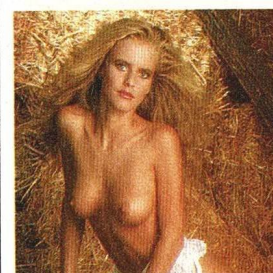
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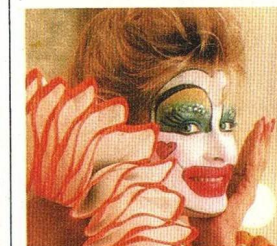
Our belle was born
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THE GREAT TERRI

Life is a three-ring
circus for the daring
Miss Doss.

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ON THE SCENE
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American and bonzer
bourbon.

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Dear Playboy

BUCKET FOR BRUCE

As a World War Two nursing sister and an active member of the Returned Services League Of Australia, I read your interview with **Bruce Ruxton** with very great interest indeed.

Let me begin by saying that I am deeply concerned by many of the views he expresses, which I believe reflect badly on the RSL. The item that did attract my greatest attention, however, was your reference to his service and his own comment on that service, and I quote: "Ruxton fought for three years in the south-west Pacific, and in Borneo he saw evidence of Japanese atrocities which he says he will never forget. He said men from his battalion had their buttocks cut off and eaten, and he saw a pit containing the bayoneted bodies of 300 women".

The fact is, of course, that Mr Ruxton did not get into action with the 2/25th Battalion until, I believe, July of 1945 and you will recall that the war finished on 15th August 1945.

I served in the south-west Pacific myself and am well aware that the major fighting on Borneo was in the Tarakan campaign, where the bulk of the Japanese forces were concentrated. But it would be more accurate to say that "he served overseas in the south-west Pacific for three weeks" rather than he "fought for three years in the south-west Pacific".

Also, I gravely doubt his statement about the men from his own battalion. I do not believe this happened in the dying days of the Second World War. Perhaps he could provide proof of the statement.

Gloria Park,
Killara, NSW.

Mr Ruxton reports that he did see action during the war. He was in the landing at Balikpapan and it wasn't a pleasure trip. He says men from his battalion did have their buttocks cut off by Japanese in the Owen Stanley Ranges in 1942. He was not present when this happened, but the legacy lingered among the men of the battalion. He says the pit containing the bayoneted bodies of 300 women was not discovered until after the war had ended. He says the massacred women were Malaysian — Ed.

BOUQUET FOR BRUCE

Congratulations to *Australian Playboy* on your interview with Bruce Ruxton (April 1988). Bruce Ruxton is a misunderstood man who speaks a lot of sense. It is unfortunate that he has more of an idea of what is needed in Australia than our Canberra polities. So all I can say is Bruce Ruxton for Canberra.

Recently, **Geoffrey Robertson**, who plays

the role of the head prefect very well, distorted the views of Ruxton on *Hypothetical* (or rather Hypocritical). *Playboy* is the only magazine that has given Ruxton a fair go. Keep up the good work.

W. Pratt,
North Brisbane, Qld.

THE OBJECT OF OUR DESIRE

As far as I'm concerned it was no contest. From the moment I glimpsed **Desiree Brown** in all her bare-breasted splendor on the cover of your August 1987 issue I just knew she was Playmate Of The Year material... and that *Australian Playboy* had taken a whole new direction in covergirl beauty.

Seeing her again on the cover of the June Playmate Of The Year issue made me want to whoop, "Told you so!" Now all I ask is a photo especially for me on the Dear Playboy page and my life will be complete!

Johnno,
Mt Waverley, Vic.

I have just seen the epitome of female beauty and its (her) name is Desiree Brown. Talk about the face that launched a thousand ships, me and all my mates at Jervis Bay reckon she'd knock Helen of Troy into a cocked hat anyway. We know she's been featured twice already now she's Playmate Of The Year, but what the hell, we're greedy. Give us another look!

Very Able Seaman,
Jervis Bay, NSW.

Here she is then, our Desiree, especially for Johnno. . . and the Royal Australian Navy. . . and all you other red-blooded blokes out there as well — Ed!



PEOPLE POWER

The Bicentenary is not about new roads and government programs, nor is it about celebrities, ships or fireworks. It's about Australian people.

It should be seen as an appropriate time for an entire nation to look at itself honestly, to admit to ourselves that some things have been pushed aside and ignored during the past 200 years, and to act upon that.

We Australians have been very quick to pat each other on the back and say this is the lucky country. But we must do more to make this country better. To sit back and watch the selected few parade across the screen in our living rooms is fine, but that's not what makes a country great. It's the people, and their ability to live together in harmony, to be proud of each other and in turn to be proud of themselves.

D. Hay,
16 AD Regiment,
Woodside, SA.

FOR GOOD MEASURE

Like many of your female readers, I first began reading your magazine after buying it for my man, and of course now I enjoy reading it just as much for myself. I find the articles really interesting, but I enjoy looking at the photographs the best!

One thing I really enjoy is looking at some of your scrumptious beauties, such as **Kimberley Conrad** (Feb '88) and **Susie Owens** (April '88). I like reading their measurements, and comparing myself to them — to see if I measure up for my man!

So one thing — could you include some of the measurements of the women in some of your other pictorials — like, say, **Maree Marquiss**. Like her, I too try and keep fit, by working out and with sport. It would sure be good to measure up to her!

Thanks for a great magazine.

Meg English,
East Fremantle, WA.

PERKY READER

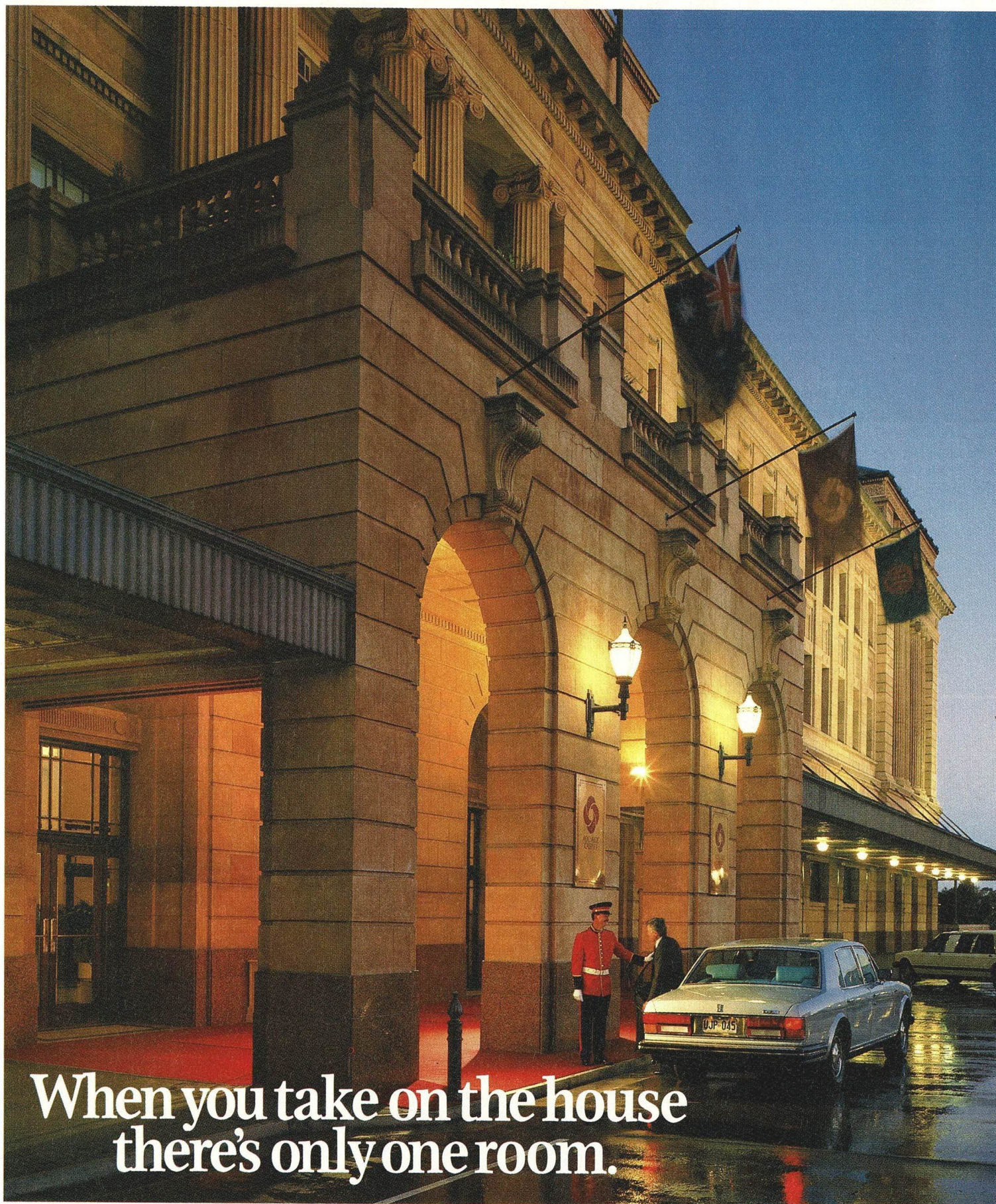
Your interview with **Charles Perkins** (March '88) was a credit to the magazine. His perceptive insight into Aboriginal problems and his logical approach to life are revealed in an interview that should be compulsory reading for anyone debating the subject of Land Rights.

Congratulations on providing a magazine that combines intellect with idyllic ladies!

Tom Lewis,
Darwin, NT.

Write to us! Send your letters to *Dear Playboy*, PO Box, 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.





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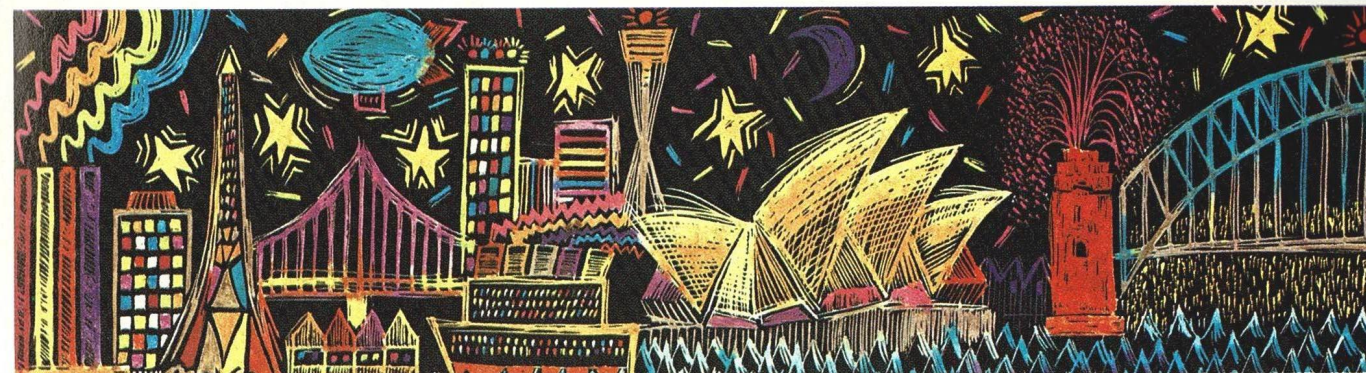
*Based on level of play.

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ACAMA036

After Hours



WITH FRIENDS LIKE THIS. . .

When they look like running out of patients, staff in English hospitals have ways of drumming up custom from within their own ranks. We learn that recently a porter was debagged by his mates at Selly Oak Hospital, Birmingham, and his manhood threatened when they set fire to his private parts.

John Cox (no pun intended) first of all lost his trousers and was then sprayed with ethyl alcohol and set ablaze by two of his workmates as part of "a prank". When they realised they'd gone too far they doused the flames, but not before poor old John had sustained burns which required skin grafts to his penis.

Thank God the National Health Service was ready to assist, otherwise it might have been Cox by name, Cockless by nature.

APOLOGY FOR APARTHEID

The South African Chamber Of Commerce realises that all is not ideal in the Republic, but is determined to look on the bright side. As they state in their newsletter, "There are 77 major cities in the world where you can expect to be a bomb victim under current statistics. Sure, the indiscriminate bombing of civilians is to be deplored by anybody against anybody. But at the end of the day it is just another way of dying, and it is no more or less final than walking under a motor car, contracting a terminal disease or falling out of the sky in an aeroplane. Much of it is a misfortune of being in the wrong place at the wrong time."

At least they restrained themselves from any tasteless analogies about drunken Aborigines in Australian jails.

A SHOCK TO HIS SYSTEM

More hot news from the wounded wanger department. A private dick employed by the Westward Ho casino in Nevada reports that during one of his routine walks through the Blackjack Veranda, a customer "suddenly began to shout, 'Oh!... Oh!... Oh!'" and to tear off his trousers and after that what I took to be his jockstrap. But when we had removed him from the gaming area we found

that his jockstrap contained the batteries for supplying his foot-operated computer which he used to improve his chances of winning, and a short-circuit had caused him to jump."

We bet his discs were really floppy after that.

IT'S A FAIR COP

A final year accounting student from Sunraysia TAFE has admitted to exposing himself in front of two topless policewomen at Mildura. **Alperen Yalchin** insisted, however, that he was not a flasher, but claimed that the two policewomen behaved in a provocative manner by removing their tops in front of him as he came out of the toilets at Apex Park.

The police have their knockers of course. But while some might see this as the female equivalent of that charming police practice of soliciting stray poofers on the local gay beats and then arresting the poor sods, we feel that in this instance it was just a case of policepersons keeping abreast of the times.

And in a further flash we hear that police are looking for a guy with a mohawk haircut in the outer eastern suburbs of Melbourne after he followed a woman to a bus stop on the Burwood Highway, lifted the leg of his shorts and exposed himself. The woman said

he was about 24, 165cm tall, he had tattoos on both arms and legs, earrings, red shorts, a tank top and desert boots, as well as his mohawk.

Of course they'll never find him. It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack in Melbourne.

LOVE-BIRDS' BUTTOCKS

And while we're on the subject of tattoos, we hear the ex-Mrs **Sylvester Stallone**, **Brigitte Nielsen**, has had the name of her new lover and fiancé, footballer **Mark Gastineau**, tattooed on her bottom. Apparently he returned the compliment. The naked truth was revealed when the couple turned up late at a restaurant and explained the reason was because they'd decided on impulse to have love-bird tattoos done to prove their affection.

We think it creates a dangerous precedent, especially for someone whose emotions are as tempestuous as Brigitte's — her name has been linked to a number of people, not least of all her female secretary. Still, the bottom line is, with a girl of such generous proportions there's still plenty of room left if the unthinkable happens and she changes her mind again.

ONLY THE CHEQUES BOUNCED

A judge in Louisville, Kentucky, dismissed a lawsuit filed by two women trying to collect on \$500 worth of cheques made out to them. According to the defendant, he stopped payment on the cheques because they were in exchange for sex — and the women hadn't given him any. The judge said that, regardless of who stiffed whom — or should that read who *didn't* stiff whom? — the contract was an illegal one that he couldn't enforce. He told the plaintiffs: "You can tell your friends and everybody else that you better work for cash."

If you manage to snap something ridiculous or notice an outrageous piece in your local paper, we'll pay \$25 for anything we can use. Contributions to: After Hours, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.



BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN

Can it be true what surfies say about "clubbies" (life-savers)? "Well, your Honor, me and the boys were just having a bit of fun in the clubhouse when the siren went and I got caught with me pants down." After all, surfies need a few beers before they show this much flesh!

DRIVERS OF THE NEW FIAT FLAGSHIP should enjoy a richer existence.

Not just because of an attractive \$44,995* price. But because – for once – instead of the buyer spending more, Fiat has spent more.

\$850 million dollars to be exact. To develop more of a motor car, the new twin cam, 2-litre fuel-injected Fiat Croma.

Happily for our finances the car is already a success in Europe, with more than 123,000 sold. But then money and brainpower have made Croma an exceptional car.

Or should we put this down to the designer, the legendary Giorgio Giugiaro (pronounced Gee-jar-o).

Arguably the world's best at his trade, he penned a distinctive, high tail, 5-door hatchback shape.

One that exhibits outwardly curving doors, fewer body panels for cleaner lines and an ultra low 0.32 drag factor.

We hope you approve.

Certainly the design is practicality itself with the rear seats folded down. A family is provided with a Grand Canyon sized boot; enough space for a two-seater settee.

The body has just 321 parts – 30% less than ordinary cars, and it's protected by no less than 53 metres of sealant. So strength derives from design, not bulk.

Making the Croma one luxury car that doesn't look as if it could benefit with a visit to weight watchers.

Everything is flush fitting including windows and drip rails. Even the wipers are semi-recessed. A Giugiaro hallmark.

Being an Italian, the Croma rides on all-independent suspension, two anti-roll bars and it has disc brakes all round.

So the driver benefits with superb handling, poise and stability. Virtues that are as evident on the twisty ramps of a parking station as on a 4-lane highway.

Thanks to Giugiaro's time at the planning stage the cabin achieves a higher standard of luxury. Its enduring pleasure starts with superb seating and a comprehensive dash.

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Sex Adviser

BLOOD ON THE CONDOM

A girl I am seeing claimed to me she was a virgin. The first day I had sex with her, I penetrated almost full length. I didn't find any barrier. On the third day I penetrated full length and blood covered half my condom. My bedsheet was covered with blood also.

Was she a virgin? What about her barrier or hymen? Before this I had used my finger (pointer) for about 2-3 weeks in love-play but not so deep and no blood. She had a boyfriend for two to three weeks about a month before she met me. Please communicate to me at your earliest.

— Mr D.R., Suva, Fiji.

The hymen is a thin membrane of skin which sometimes covers the entrance to the vagina in women who have not experienced intercourse. I say "sometimes" because there are many women who are born without a hymen, or with only an incomplete membrane at the vaginal entrance. With other girls you sometimes find the hymen may start off intact but gradually stretches or tears as the girl grows up. In fact, the hymen is rarely a solid barrier. It usually contains holes which are designed to release menstrual blood and normal vaginal fluids. The girl with the totally intact hymen will often run into problems when she has her first menstrual period and the blood accumulates in the vagina without any possibility of release. In this case, a doctor will create an opening in the hymen to allow fluids to escape.

You seem to think of the hymen as a thick, tough barrier which requires some force to break through. Some women do have thicker membranes — they are the ones who are more likely to experience pain and bleeding on first penetration. But for most women, the hymen will not present any real obstacle to intercourse and the man is unlikely to be aware of any barrier to inserting the penis. This is particularly true for women who have used tampons and hence have gradually stretched the openings in the hymen, or women, like your girlfriend, who experienced loveplay where fingers are inserted into the vagina before intercourse is attempted.

I'm not saying there was anything wrong with using your finger to explore her vagina. In fact I think it is an excellent preparation for intercourse. Couples who use this type of loveplay will, like you, find first intercourse is far less likely to cause pain and bleeding — which I regard as a very good thing.

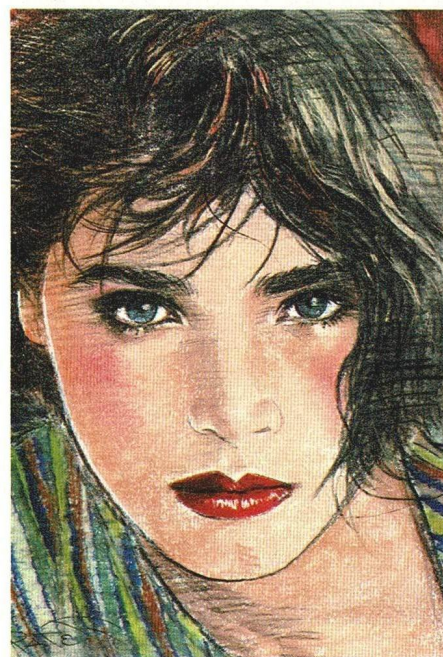
From your letter it appears you are really hung up on the idea that it was crucial that your girlfriend was a virgin and proved this by experiencing pain and bleeding on first



Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

intercourse. This is a very old-fashioned attitude and one which I hope is finally dying out. Okay, you have every right to appreciate the fact that your girlfriend had never before experienced intercourse. This makes you a very special man in her life and gives you an extra responsibility to treat her well and kindly. It seems to me that you are betraying that trust by now questioning what she told you. Either you believed she was a virgin, or if not, you should not have gone ahead and had sex with her. She deserved her first lover to believe in her.

As to why she bled more on the third occasion, the most likely explanation is that through your loveplay you enlarged one of the openings in the hymen sufficiently to allow partial penetration — hence there was no bleeding the first time (it may also have been that she already had a fairly large opening in the hymen). But when you finally achieved full penetration with, presumably, some vigorous thrusting, the ring of skin which remained surrounding the entrance of the vagina stretched and tore further, causing the bleeding you describe.



GALLONS OF SPERM

When reading published sexual experiences and listening to others recount theirs, it is common to hear of men who "pump gallons of sperm" etc. Even allowing for exaggeration, my volume of 5-6 ml by masturbation had me slightly worried. Experimenting with abstinence and the aid of my girlfriend, I could achieve 10 ml but no more.

Then I found a book that describes poor volume as less than 1 ml and excess volume as over 8 ml. Hardly gallons, is it? This put my mind at rest for a while but I would like your opinion of this. I know that volume has nothing to do with pleasure your partner receives, just as it is less important than sperm quality for reproduction — but I feel it is an interesting topic.

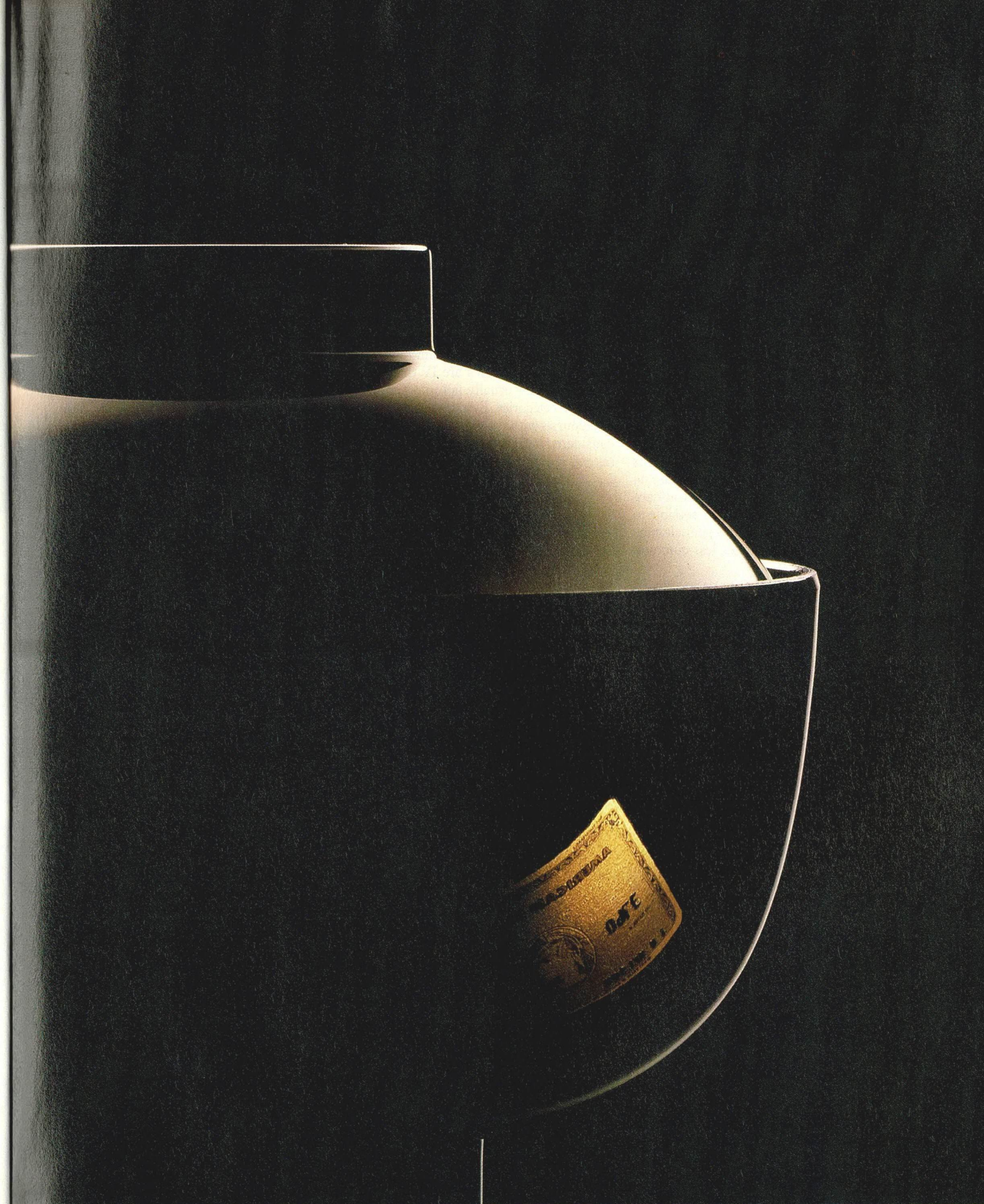
— Mr F.O., WA.

I too have been curious about why people writing sexy novels make such a big deal about the volume of ejaculate. You will notice also in many of the sexy movies that they delight in showing scenes with various parts of the female anatomy just covered in huge globs of the stuff (which are often faked using various liquids to look like the real thing). It is obvious that many people suffer from the illusion that more is better — the man who produces more ejaculate is more virile, fertile or whatever. In fact the opposite is true. Producing too much semen is just as likely to cause infertility problems as producing too little.

The sexual equivalent of *The Guinness Book Of Records*, a strange little book called *The Simons Book Of Sexual Records*, lists 10 ml as a record, but one seminologist I consulted mentioned 15 ml as the record amount he had personally observed (about a dessert spoonful). Your average of 5-6 ml (that's about 1/2 to 3/4 of a teaspoon) is certainly right in the normal range and many males only produce this amount after a couple of days of abstinence. As you mention, when it comes to fertility, the quality of the sperm is far more important than the volume of ejaculate. Specifically, the sperm count per cubic centimetre of ejaculate, and the motility — the numbers of moving sperm — are the most critical factors.

STD HANG-UPS

I am a 20-year-old male and I have been going steady with my current girlfriend for about three months. Up until now, sex has not entered into our relationship but I feel it will soon. But about 12 months ago I contracted genital herpes and I have had attacks on and off every couple of weeks since. Is there a cure, and if so where can I have it done? If not, are there any creams on the market which reduce the frequency of attacks and do I require a prescription for them?



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Also, what is the best way to go about discussing my problem with my girlfriend?

I have only had four sexual encounters in my life; however, all four were with female prostitutes and I did not use a condom. The encounters (intercourse and oral sex, but not anal sex) took place over a period from May 1986 to January 1987. What are the chances of my having got AIDS? Also, could I have some advice as to where to go for an AIDS test?

— M.L., NSW.

Given the present state of medical knowledge, once the herpes virus has entered your system, there is no means of getting rid of it. That does not mean, however, that you will continue to experience such frequent attacks of the disease and that there is nothing you can do about it. In fact, as with herpes (cold sores), chances are that even without taking active measures to attempt to control the frequency of attacks, with time you would find you experience them less frequently, to the point where the virus would be completely dormant and cause no further problems. I am assuming you have the herpes II virus but it is also possible to have herpes I lesions on the genitals, plus there are a number of other less common herpes viruses.

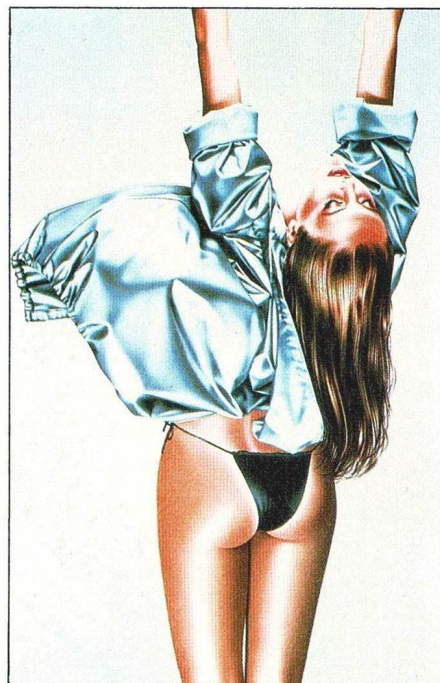
Acyclovir (acycloguanosine) is an antiviral drug which is frequently prescribed to help reduce the severity and length of severe attacks of herpes. It can reduce pain and cause the herpes lesions to clear up more quickly. There is also some evidence that it may reduce the frequency and severity of recurrent attacks. You do need a prescription for this drug and I would suggest you would greatly benefit from a detailed discussion with a specialist on STDs (sexually transmitted diseases) who could not only prescribe this for you, if appropriate, but could also discuss with you all the other measures you should be employing to attempt to reduce the frequency of your attacks. There are all sorts of health measures and relaxation techniques you should know about which can reduce stress factors known to contribute to herpes attacks. If you live near a major city, the best place to go to find such a person would be one of the STD clinics. These clinics also have counsellors who could talk to you about dealing with the effects of herpes on your relationships.

It is very important that you do find the courage to tell your girlfriend about the herpes *before* your relationship becomes any more sexually intimate. Quite apart from the moral issues of risking exposing her to herpes without her knowledge, if you value this relationship, you have a far better chance of convincing her to remain your girlfriend if you are honest from the beginning about your situation. Very few relationships survive herpes when the infected partner lies or deceives his partner about the disease. But before you broach the subject, it is crucial that you be better educated about the disease and ways of minimising the risk of transmission to a sexual partner. The more knowledgeable you are about such matters,

the easier it will be for you to educate your girlfriend and convince her that herpes need not be a barrier to your future relationship.

If you live in an isolated area, you could try your local family planning clinic and ask if there are any medical practitioners nearby who have expertise in STDs. Alternatively, you could contact the Brisbane-based group, *Herpes Help*, which I mentioned a few months ago. This self-help group for herpes sufferers offers telephone counselling, and will send information which may help you. (Write to PO Box 482, Paddington, Qld 4064 or telephone 07-369 9876).

As for the AIDS issue, the chances of your contracting AIDS through contact with prostitutes are luckily quite slim. Unless the prostitutes in your area are IV drug users, they would not usually fall into one of the high risk categories. Even then, heterosexual intercourse with such a woman is still not considered a high risk activity and the oral sex you mention presumably means fellatio,



where she is the one at greater risk. You also avoided anal sex, which is regarded as one of the most potentially hazardous sexual activities in these circumstances. So the chances are that you do not have anything to worry about. If you wish to make further enquiries about the possibility of an AIDS test, I suggest you contact the AIDS clinic at 150 Albion Street, Surry Hills, Sydney (tel 02 332 4000).

BROTHERLY LOVE

When I was about 16, I was playing a game called *Truth or Dare* with my brother and a bunch of our friends. Well, my turn came and I took the dare, which turned out to be that I should have oral sex with my brother. I was a bit shocked when I first heard what I had to do, but my brother just laughed and what with everyone kidding around, we did do it in the end and it didn't seem such a big deal. We both knew we weren't gay and there's often a lot of sex stuff that goes on between the guys — you know,

wanking each other off etc.

It wasn't that first time which worries me, but what happened after that was that sometimes, when no one else was around, we would end up sucking each other off. I suppose we did end up with a sort of sexual relationship with each other — although he never really turned me on or anything and I used to fantasise about girls when he was doing it to me. We've never spoken about it to anyone and it just all ended when I left home, but I have often wondered what it meant. Do you think we were weird? Does this sort of thing often happen between brothers? It doesn't seem to have affected us because we now both have girlfriends and we seem pretty normal sort of guys. But I suppose we both know that we would have been regarded as pretty strange if we had ever been caught and that makes you feel guilty.

— Mr F.H., WA.

You are certainly right in thinking that had you been discovered, the chances are that all hell would have broken loose and you would have found yourself in all sorts of trouble. This sort of sex play is very common amongst adolescent males and it isn't so unusual for it to even take place between brothers. But any sexual activity between siblings is technically regarded as incest and there are good reasons for the taboos society places on the development of such relationships.

The potential hazards are most obvious when the sexual activity takes place between two family members where one is significantly older than the other — fathers and daughters, older brothers and far younger siblings and so on. Here there is a real issue of misuse of power, with the younger person often not being really aware of what is going on, let alone being in a position to stop it. But even when the incestuous activity is between siblings of similar ages, sometimes the intensity of such a relationship can interfere with the opportunities for young people to develop normal relationships outside the family. The fact that such relationships are usually conducted in secret can interfere with normal dynamics within the family. This is a very big, potentially explosive secret for two family members to keep hidden from the rest. And then there are the enormous and often devastating repercussions for the entire family if the secret becomes public, which can cause permanent damage to family trust.

But having said all that, I don't believe that what went on between you and your brother has done either of you any harm. It appears that your sexual activities were mainly confined to experimentation and providing sexual relief. You didn't appear to develop any particular erotic attraction for each other and it has not interfered with your other relationships.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address c/- *Australian Playboy*, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.



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The image displays four overlapping covers of the Australian edition of Playboy magazine, arranged diagonally from top-left to bottom-right. Each cover features a different female model and highlights various entertainment and lifestyle topics. The top cover (March 1987) shows Pam Burridge in a dark, backless dress. The second cover (May 1987) features Bettina Arndt in a light-colored, backless dress. The third cover (January 1987) shows Jessica Hahn in a dark, backless dress. The bottom cover (February 1987) features a woman in a white bikini riding a bicycle. The covers are set against a solid yellow background.

18

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First we all had to have a hundred cups of coffee. Then we had to admire Erin's sweater. Then we had to have a boy (my son) connect the VCR. Then we had to decide how many of us had the PMTs (two). Then we had to tell how many of us were estranged from our boyfriends (too many). Then we had to have a boy start the VCR. Then we started to scream.

High-pitched girl shrieking, like teenagers did for Sinatra and the Beatles, except horrified, as if teenagers saw Sinatra murdered. This seems to be what women do while watching porno movies. Eventually we settled down to mere hysteria, watching *Dickman And Throbbin*.

"I feel like I'm eight years old and my friends like boys and I don't get it," said Cleo.

"Those are fake tits," said Rita, "she's on her back and they stick straight up. God, she doesn't have any pubic hair. And what she does have is dyed."

"I guess that's an okay blowjob," said Erin.

"How does she not vomit?" said Carla.

"He's so big," said Marta.

"And it's not even hard," said Rita, "which means it's really big. Oh look, she's taking responsibility for her own orgasm."

"We've all faked orgasm better than that," said Erin.

"Look how she's looking at him," said Rita.

"She's trying to get him to come any way she can," said Cleo. "She figures if she gives him a sultry glance. . ."

"A come-hither look," said Sue.

"Forget the hither, just come," said Cleo.

"Why is she doing this with her life?" asked Rita. "We're talking bladder infection with that."

"This is worse than *Nightmare On Elm Street*," said Cleo.

"This girl has a mother and a father someplace," said Sue.

"She grew up with a father who drank and fucked her," said Erin. "She thinks this is okay."

"Oh my God, phone sex," said Rita. "Sure, like the phone sex girl would be dressed in a suspender belt."

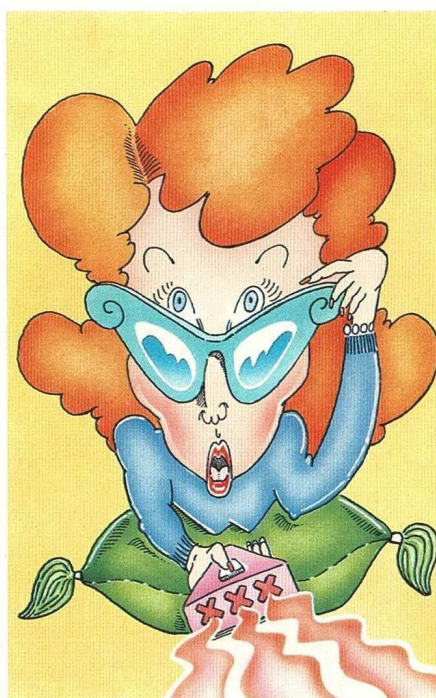
"Did anybody have a boyfriend who would call up and want phone sex?" asked Sue.

"So tedious," said Cleo.

"I'm always wearing my granny nightgowns and kneesocks," said Rita.

"And he always asks what you are wearing," we all said.

"Is that Gael's boyfriend?" wondered



Sit the girls down, turn on the porno, then just sit back and wait for the shrieks of horror!

Marta. We decided it might be.

Total shrieking for cunnilingus close-up. "I could never be a lesbian, that clinches it," said Cleo.

We all had our hands in front of our eyes. "But aren't we supposed to have female pride?" said Erin. "Why do we think this is gross?"

"I haven't seen a cunt so far that looks like mine," said Rita.

"I've never seen mine," said Carla.

"I have," said Erin, "but I don't think I would recognise it in a crowded room. We've been socialised not to like this. We've been trained to hate it, men have been trained to love it."

Dickman, aka John Holmes, unveiled his shaft. Screams.

"That looks like a weapon!"

"That can't be real!"

"That's attached to his body?"

"That looks like an elephant!"

"Varicose dick veins!"

"Okay now," said Rita, "you take this premise: a girl's a virgin and her mother wants these guys to give her some experience — that could be really sexy if you did it the right way, instead of this, where they're

bludgeoning her to death with their penises."

"Like if it was only one guy and he was Dennis Quaid," said Cleo.

"Oh, I would like two guys," said Erin.

"Yeah, the other guy could be Sean Connery," said Rita.

"Have you noticed that there's absolutely no kissing in this movie?" said Marta.

My son came in the room. "Don't look, don't look!" we screamed. He got a magazine. "Instead of watching that, I'd buy this," he said, holding up *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue.

"That's a healthy attitude," said Cleo. "It'll make you want girls you can never have in a million years." He left.

We watched *Three Daughters*, a film allegedly for women.

"This is better, it's not as offensive," said Cleo.

"But it's not sexy," said Erin.

"Wait a minute," said Carla, "we never saw his penis!"

"It was negligible," said Marta.

"Is anybody else looking at that wallpaper?" asked Rita.

"Who on earth would masturbate like that?" asked Cleo.

"I never even take my clothes off," said Rita.

"And I won't even talk to myself afterwards," said Sue. "Turn this off. I don't want to see a movie more boring than my own life is at present."

"Why don't they ever get it that boxer shorts are the most sexy?" asked Cleo.

"Do you really think so? I've never met anyone who wore them!"

"Blue jeans are sexy."

"When they roll up their sleeves is sexy."

"When they work on cars."

"When they concentrate on anything."

"A guitar goes a long way."

"What about shopping in a stereo store? Just kidding."

"Never when they look like they've contemplated what they're wearing."

"Someone who looks like a smart hell's angel."

"When they're a little bit dirty. Long hair."

"Blue jeans jackets, what'd'ya think?"

"Yeah!"

We absolutely didn't get why they have to show semen spurting. Two of us almost gagged. A couple of us were turned on for a moment or two, but then upset by the overkill. We all hated the close-ups. Three of us had severe anxiety attacks. All of us decided we like sexy books much better. So we ate lollipops and talked knitting and calmed down. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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Take care, and make the most of it," you say, kissing her hurriedly before she turns to disappear through the terminal gate.

It was her idea. When she lobbied home from work six months ago with the circular advertising the one-week conference in Cairns you hadn't given it a second thought. Yet, there she goes, boarding pass in hand, leather carry-all swinging from her shoulder, jetting out of your life for all of a week. One whole week of freedom; and you're going to make every minute count.

Out in the airport carpark you rummage through the glovebox for that Clapton tape she can't stand, slap it into the deck and crank it up as loud as it will go. A gap appears in the traffic and you accelerate hard into the freeway stream, feeling that almost forgotten rush of the boy racer that lurks somewhere in most men. The little coupe hunkers down hard in the rear end as you rap it briskly through the gears. She hates that sort of thing too. Right now you're thinking that a week apart will do you both the world of good.

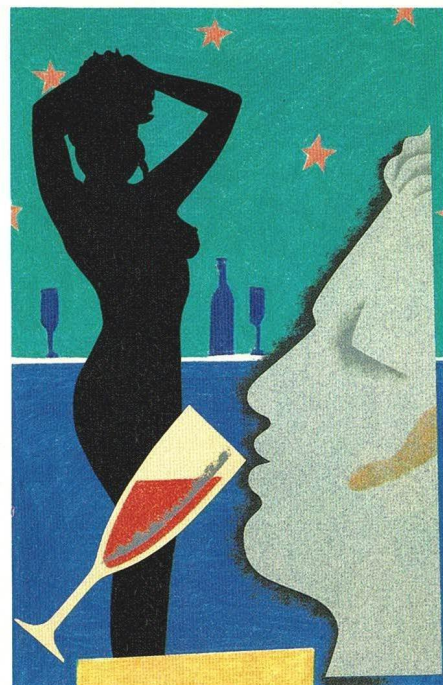
After all, it has been a strange 15 months. She moved in, taking over Gus's room when he accepted the overseas posting. Five weeks later you were sharing not just the same bedroom, but the same bed, and the spare room had been converted to a study. Admit it, yes, you enjoy her company. She has become more soul than house mate and you have grown to rely on her companionship and loyalty. And the sexual chemistry has been pretty bloody wonderful. There have been times when you have imagined spending the rest of your life with her.

And there have been other times. Like when an old mate from your travelling days dropped by work unannounced and the impromptu liquid lunch turned into a real session. She wasn't impressed when you both blundered in at 2am too drunk to complete the introductions. It put her in a blue funk for a week, by which time you were just starting to say to yourself, "Hey, why should I feel guilty? It's my life." After that, you were wary about inviting any old mates home and the crew was seeing less and less of you.

So, now she has gone on the big bird for a week and you're looking forward to stretching your limbs again, feeling your space and catching up on those friends and fetishes you had put on the backburner out of deference to her.

Sure, you're going to miss her, you conclude, wheeling the car into its bay, but meanwhile you've got a heap of catching up to do!

First step: call Ronnie. Grab him for a



**When the cat's away
the mouse will play
— but he'll probably
end up feeling guilty.**

drink at the Royal and plan the rest of the afternoon and evening from there. He answers the phone with "Hello, Mineshaft Promotions" or some similar smart-arse line and then proceeds to give you a "Where-the-fuck-have-you-been-for-the-last-millennium" earbashing.

Two hours and a few beers later the band in the beer garden is just warming up and so are you. Ronnie's unearthed his old sense of humor and Pancho and Scottie have turned up, making it seem just like old times. The news is interesting. Clarke got married, you're told. Little Davey got divorced. You grab a chinese on the way home, leave the cartons in the sink and fall asleep in front of the TV — just like old times.

By midweek the flat is a mess. I'll clean it up before she lands on Sunday, you promise yourself on Friday as you slam the door on your version of Chernobyl and head out into an evening fairly humming with promise. Six hours later you're stumbling out of a disco alone, glad to be away from the dancefloor lights and the thump of the drum machine. That one with the tan and the cleavage was dangerously keen but you had passed up the opportunity. Why? Because she kept getting

your name wrong? (She had called you Wes!) Or because she insisted on knowing what you did for a crust and what sort of car you drove? Or maybe it was because when you looked in her eyes you saw absolutely nothing.

Wisely, the car has been left snug at home in its garage. There are no cabs but you could do with the stroll to clear your head. It's a cool, clear night and up above, against the backdrop of the Milky Way, you make out the aviation lights of a jet flying north. To Cairns, you wonder. What is she doing tonight? Is some fine-looking man (with light in his eyes) coming on to her right now in a tropical flesh market thinly disguised as a dance club? The very thought of it wounds you and you're surprised by the pain. You recollect her relating how, when her previous relationship was heading up the shoot, she had jumped in the cot of a visiting executive who was breezing through on a management exchange deal. No, she hadn't bothered mentioning it to her ex-boyfriend. It all makes you think about that most male of Achilles heels, the old double standard, and how, if things had been slightly different, you could have been heading home right now with some stranger on your arm ready to enter into that clichéd horizontal dance craze called The One Night Stand.

By the time you turn the key in the lock you're almost sober. The percolator is in its place next to the herb stand. You fill it and while it heats you flick through the record stack for some old Don Gibson, drop it on the turntable and listen to the man and his guitar talk to you out of the 1950s about things that were already old when Moses was a boy. The coffee brews and with a strong black in hand you head out on to the verandah to watch the sky and think, well, shit, think of just how much you're missing her.

It is right after the bit in *Lonesome Me* when ol' Don has sung "I'll bet she's not like me/She's out and fancy free/Flirtin' with the boys with all her charms. . ." when suddenly it hits you.

Shit, somebody has tidied up while you were out!

The note (how did you miss it?) is sitting next to the vase in the middle of the dining room table. It reads: "My Darling, Came home early. Missing you too much. Sorry I didn't phone or catch you before you went out. Wake me when you get in..."

The slip of paper is still in your hand as you walk into the bedroom. You can make out her form tucked into its familiar foetal position, shoulder rising and falling gently with her breathing. Stepping out of your clothes, you slip in beside her. — NEIL JAMESON

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY PEARSON

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A few weeks ago I happened to be out in the sticks doing deep research on the human condition, when I noted that the local picnic race meeting (an annual event of considerable social magnitude) was to be held on the coming Saturday.

Now, as anyone who has knocked around will tell you, there is no better place to see the wondrous facets of the human condition than at the racetrack. And a picnic race meeting in the middle of nowhere is just about the perfect microcosm of all that is good, bad, laughable and bloody disgraceful about the sport of kings. So I faxed my wife (it's about the only joy she gets these days) and told her to make some appropriate excuses to the creditors and the fools who had advanced me the money to go bush in the first place, and then I checked into the local and set about studying the form for the big day, still 48 hours away.

"What's the big go for the Plains Cup then, eh?" I asked, plonking a five-spot on the laminex.

"Wouldn't have a bloody clue," said a man with a Corio nose and three black teeth. "Any bastard might win that bastard, so a bastard'd be a bloody mug to have a bloody bet."

"But," I argued, "say a bastard staggered in from the smoke and wanted to put a few bob on some bastard in the bloody race, what bastard nag would you advise?" I took a twenty out of my moth-fouled wallet and carefully placed it on top of my beer change, in the subtle manner one might use when attempting to bribe a police officer. Bastards from one end of the bar to the other sat bolt upright now.

"Bastard must be Kerry bloody Packer," one of the bastards sneered. The other bastards laughed, but they let me pay for their beers and, when I finally called it a night, one of them whispered the name of a fancy as I brushed past. When I woke the next morning, my head somewhat afuzz and my mouth feeling like the bottom of a cocky's cage, I'd forgotten the tip. So much for studying the form.

On race day I got to the track early, nursed a cold one and watched the horses arrive in their beat-up old floats. The floats might have seen better days but they were nothing compared with the racehorses, most of whom were older than me and looked like they'd done their good years pulling ploughs. One little grey looked to have spirit, but he bolted when they lowered the tray and by the time they got him back he was knocked up good, as they say in the sticks.

24 Next I checked out the jockeys over at the



**Pity the mug punter
when the smart money
turns out to be not
quite so smart.**

weigh-in. They fell into roughly two categories, both as useless as tits on a boar. They were either hoons in silks who fancied themselves as Mal Johnston, or they were girls. Hoons on racehorses are dangerous to themselves and dangerous to other riders, but far more importantly, girls on racehorses are dangerous to punters. No offence to Maree Lindon, who simply got the rough end of the pineapple when they were handing out the genitalia, but most girl jockeys have an infinite capacity for clutching defeat from the jaws of victory. (In this, I might add, they are not alone, but the girls don't mean to lose.)

So the nags were rough and so were their riders. Furthermore, in the great tradition of picnic race meetings, most would be going round two or even three times for different distances. You might think that this would enable you to assess the form of a particular nag by his third time out. Not so. The trainer, who's probably been too busy shearing to pay much attention all week, might send out his sprinter to lead the first 1000 metres of a middle-distance race, then drop off. Looser for the run, this thing might do well over 1600 metres two races later, but are you going

to back some mongrel that finished 50 lengths off the pace earlier? Particularly when you've missed his effort over the first thousand owing to a cloud of dust?

No, there was only one way to go and I am ashamed to say it is the way of all racetrack desperates everywhere. I watched the smart money. Not the cocky in the moleskins who hurls his money in early and shouts the bar before the race is even run. Not the sharp in Gucci everything who slams a hundred on the easing favorite right at post time. No, no, no. I was on the lookout for the quietly dressed bloke who had a quiet word with the jockey before spreading the contents of his wallet around the ring.

I found him a few minutes before the first. I watched, he won. There was only a head in it, the price was short and he didn't pick up a motza, but no one seemed in the least surprised. It looked safe and simple. I went with him in the second and won 50 bucks at evens. In the third he didn't bet and I backed the favorite and gave back the 50.

Then the biggie — the Plains Cup. There were only four horses in it but the smart money went for the roughie early and I noticed just about everyone else followed suit. We got sixes about it but the betting closed odds on and then the thing got beaten. Maybe I'd picked the wrong guy. Maybe he was too drunk, or not drunk enough. Maybe the hoops had jacked up their lay-off prices. Maybe the undercover racing cops had arrived. Whatever, I was headed for deep financial shit unless something gave.

In the next, the second last, I watched where he dumped his dough — a lot — then followed a hunch and backed something else. His nag cantered in. Right. The last event. Do or die. Almost on post time the smart money dumped a couple of hundred on the two-to-one second favorite. Good enough. I followed suit.

Then, wanting to photograph my big win of the day from a vantage point at the other end of the straight, I clambered across the dust bowl and propped on a giant anthill. I focussed as my horse led the field into the straight and down to the two hundred. But a funny thing happened on the way to the winning post and from my anthill I had a perfect view. The jockey sat down and went to the tail. No sleight of hand here. Every jockey in the race must have known the score. The only people who weren't in on the act were me and the not-quite-so-smart money.

By the time I got back to the ring the smart money had disappeared and the jockeys and the bookies were all on the turps together. Well, why wouldn't they be?

— PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY PEARSON

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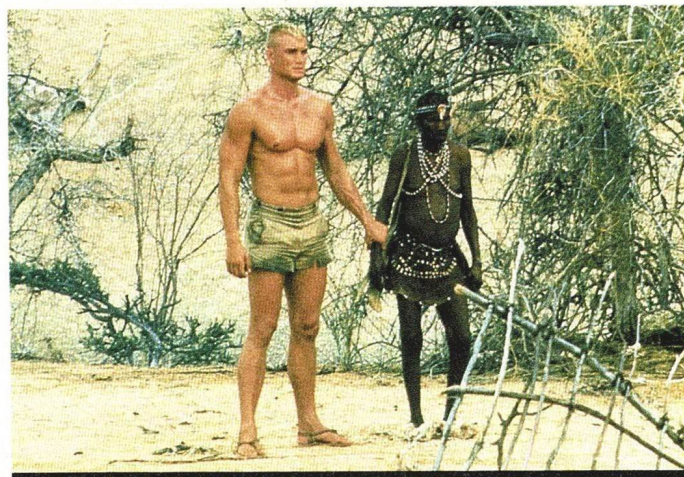
Showbiz

Aussie Carl Schultz's US film is straight out of Revelations.

APOCALYPSE RIGHT NOW: Director Carl Schultz's US debut is a revelation, in more ways than one. *The Seventh Sign* is about nothing less than the Second Coming! Billed as a "mythological thriller", it has Demi Moore as a very pregnant housewife trying to thwart Jesus/The Angel Of Death, who is wandering the Earth breaking each of the Seven Seals, one after another, to herald the Apocalypse. Since Demi's baby has been chosen as the fifth sign, a baby born without a soul, she goes to the limit to break the chain. Sounds ridiculous? Well maybe, but with such a brilliant internal logic you never once question its credentials as a quite excellent thriller. In other Australian film news we learn that Bob Barrett, sometime author, *Playboy* contributor and bit-part movie actor *extraordinaire*, has reacquired the screen rights to his fictional character Les Norton (who we think leaves Peter Corris's Cliff Hardy for

dead) and a movie deal is in the offing.

LIKE MOTHER, UNLIKE DAUGHTER: Talk about irony. Guess who's playing the plum title role in *Patty Hearst*, director Paul (Taxi Driver) Schrader's upcoming drama about the American heiress kidnapped by militant radicals? None other than British-born Natasha Richardson, daughter of outspoken leftist Vanessa Redgrave. Natasha (her father is director Tony (Tom Jones) Richardson) doesn't share her mother's political views, but she's potentially just as talented an actress. "Paul saw me in Ken Russell's *Gothic* and got the idea," she says, between transatlantic hops for some final chores on the psychological thriller, shot in and around San Francisco where Hearst was held for ransom by the Symbionese Liberation Army. "Patty wrote about 12 pages of notes on the script, which were quite helpful. Making the movie," says Natasha, "was a very harrowing



Circumstances make strange bedfellows: dinkum Aussie Dolph (Rocky IV) Lundgren, 28 and 2m tall, stars in *Red Scorpion* with Regopstaan Kruiper, 95, 1.5m tall, and patriarch of a bushman clan.

experience for me as an actress, living what she went through. But I, at least, got to go home at night."

REELING AND ROCKING: The movie *U2 In Concert* will hit Australia in September. Finishing this, plus a studio album and a live album, means they won't be doing public concerts unless Peter Gabriel asks them to join the Amnesty tour, which Bono says would be difficult to refuse. God, they're so holy it makes you want to puke... Meanwhile the real thing, Bob Geldof, will direct his first movie, *Cowboys*, a semi-autobiographical tale set in Dublin... Neil Young plays a redneck owner of a motorcycle shop in '68, with contemporary music from Buffalo Springfield.

RANDOM RUMORS: Joey Dee of *Peppermint Twist* fame is reported to have assembled an all-star cast of old-timers (Tommy James, Lou Christie, Bobby Rydell, Gary "U.S." Bonds and members of the Coasters, the Shirelles and the Drifters) for a benefit. The goal is to raise several million dollars to build a retirement home in Florida for old rock stars! We can just guess who'll be the first guests.

NEWSBREAKS: Grace Slick is considering a Jefferson Airplane reunion with Paul Kantner, Marty Balin and Jack Cassady...



Not to be missed! Amazon Women On The Moon, John Landis's zany new movie, has a sketch about a centrefold's typical day.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Biloxi Blues Part II of Neil Simon's autobiographical trilogy finds him in the army smiling grimly through the bullshit. ★★★

For Keeps Molly Ringwald tries to put life into post-natal depression but loses out to baby boom clichés. ★

Good Morning, Vietnam Robin Williams is so good as zany disc-jockey Adrian Cronauer he makes the movie worthwhile. ★★★

Little Nikita Messy spy story has River Phoenix discovering his parents are long-term Russian plants. ★★

Rikkie And Pete Unbelievable botch-up with totally incoherent plot from the makers of minor masterpiece *Malcolm*. ★

Satisfaction Girl group led by Justine Bateman plays great old rock'n'roll — silly, but easy on the eyes and ears. ★★

She's Having A Baby John Hughes' contribution to the baby fad is so pointless it makes *For Keeps* look good! ★

The Glass Menagerie Latest version of Tennessee Williams classic about lonely girl who longs for a gentleman caller. ★★★

The Whales Of August OD on nostalgia, with two ancient sisters Bette Davis and Lillian Gish fighting but caring. ★★★

The Serpent And The Rainbow Haiti, *Nightmare On Elm Street*-style from Wes Craven in classic terror mode. ★★★

The Stepfather Putting murder back where it belongs — in the family. Gratuitous gore, not for the fainthearted. ★★

Wish You Were Here Emily Lloyd plays Cynthia (Personal Services) Payne as a teenager — and she's just as big a worry! ★★★

★★★ Don't miss ★★ Good show ★ Worth a look ★ Forget it

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THE HOTTEST NEWS

AT LEADING JEWELLERS

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL HOGAN

A candid conversation with the Wonder From Down Under about Crocodile Dundee, Land Rights, Australian film "wankers," and what it feels like to be the most celebrated Australian of his time.

It's 7.30 on a rainy New York winter morning. The film crew has already turned an East Village watering hole, Vazac's, into Al's Bar And Grill and crammed the place with lights and cameras. The door swings open and in walks a rugged, compact man with blond hair and a crinkly, weather-beaten face. He wears bush clothes — boots, a black hat and a short jacket of crocodile skin.

"G'day. Name's Mick Dundee," he announces cheerily. He leans back on the bar and gazes around the room. His accent is not from these parts. "I'm new in town. I'm looking for work." He waits, then swivels to face the bartender. "Guess that's enough job hunting for one day."

In real life, Paul Hogan doesn't need any job besides the one he obviously enjoys so much. Why would he? Crocodile Dundee made nearly \$500m world-wide, and the sequel may generate similar revenue. Hogan's personal cut from the first picture is said to be at least \$50m. If you consider that until 1973, Hogan had worked at 30 to 40 low-paying jobs (one of which was stuffing dead bodies with newspapers in a

morgue), it's no mystery why his favorite phrase isn't "I'll put another shrimp on the barbie" but "No worries, mate!"

The Wonder From Down Under was born on October 8, 1939, at Lightning Ridge, in the opal-mining country of New South Wales, a place not unlike the outback town where Hogan's first film begins. The family, however, soon moved to Granville, a lower-middle-class Sydney suburb, where he grew up, grew bored with school and quit to work at the local swimming pool. It was there that he met his future wife, Nolene. They married when he was 19 and she was 18, with prospects, Hogan would later assess, that were "zero". He didn't do much to improve them.

Three years and three children later, Hogan had become something of a pub-crawling lout. To support his family (soon to be five) he worked at odd jobs and schemes, his last gig being a rigger on the Sydney Harbor Bridge. It offered security, friendly mates and little else. There, high up on the span affectionately known as "The Coathanger," he fought depression and a growing self-hatred by indulging in

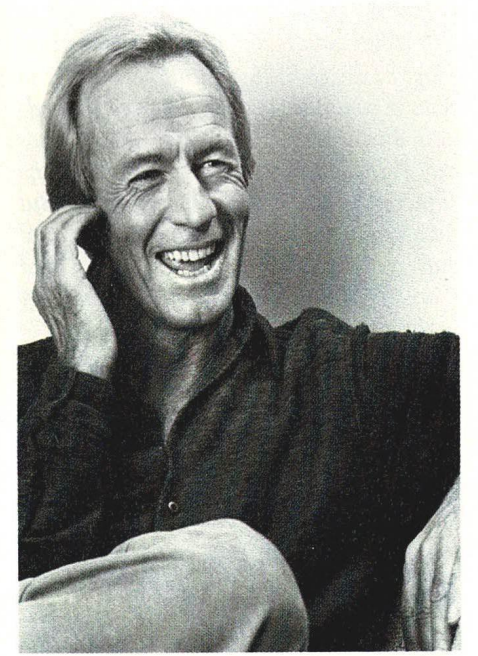
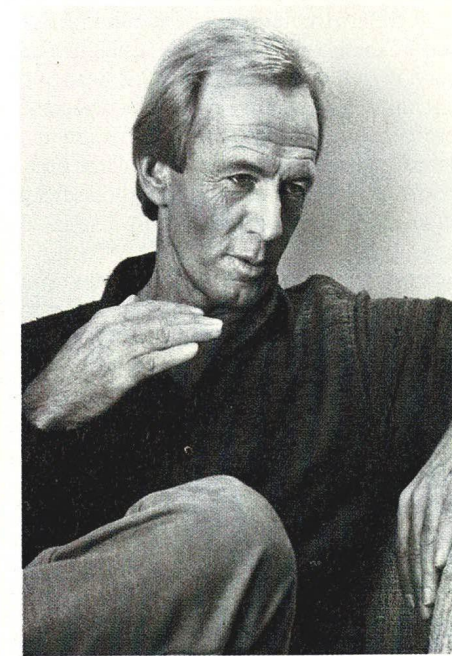
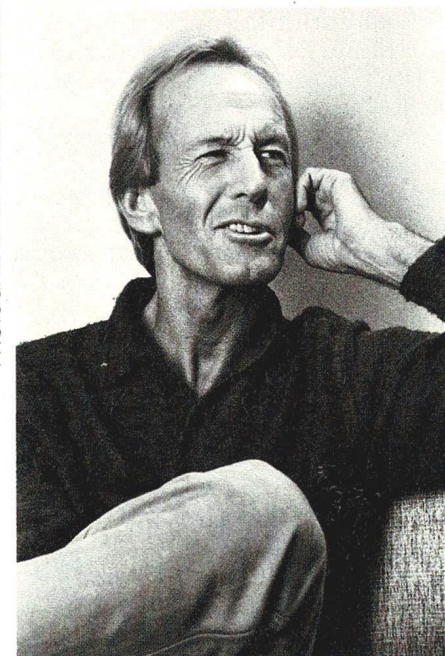
a natural talent for humor, quips and on-the-bridge pontification.

Hogan didn't know it, but those qualities would change his life. In 1972, he accepted his friends' dare to land a spot on New Faces. He wrote in saying he was a blindfolded, tap-dancing knife-thrower. The show's producers believed him, and when his turn came to perform, he instead stood on stage and methodically insulted the judges. His performance was a hit, he was invited back and was soon being interviewed on the bridge by another show, A Current Affair, which hired Hogan to do regular funny commentaries.

He kept his bridge job and worked piecemeal at \$40 per TV appearance — amazed that anyone would pay him at all just for sounding off. Later, Hogan would say that his appeal was that, unlike most Australian TV personalities, who either spoke the Queen's English or tried to sound as though they were from California, Hogan sounded like someone you'd meet in a New South Wales pub.

No one thought he would last. But a year later, Hogan won a Logie for best new

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE



"My real problem with Stallone is that I can't understand how the guy who wrote Rocky, which is a classic, is the same guy who did Rocky IV. It doesn't make any sense."

"I told Phillip Adams, the head of the film commission, 'You and your people are wankers. You take government money; you indulge yourselves with it; you make failed movies.'"

"I want nothing in my film where the wound gapes open and blood spurts out. And no sex scenes. And no cripple jokes or comedy built on racism. A happy movie."

talent. Suddenly, drivers crossing the Sydney Harbor Bridge were causing accidents when they spotted him. By then, he had acquired a manager, John Cornell, a West Australian journalist who'd been instrumental in introducing him to *A Current Affair* and who next pushed Hogan into commercial endorsements. The first try was as a spokesman for Winfield cigarettes. They became the biggest-selling brand down under and suddenly Hogan's name and the slogan "... anyhow have a Winfield" became as familiar as the morning paper.

Cornell finally convinced Hogan to quit rigging and go into showbiz full time. They landed a contract to produce their own TV specials — *The Paul Hogan Show* — and there followed, in relatively quick succession, more TV specials, an ad campaign in England for Foster's Lager that increased sales remarkably (he did American commercials for Foster's later), a series of canny spots urging American tourists to visit Australia, the 1986 Australian Of The Year Award and a low-budget adventure/romance film about Michael J. Dundee and a lady reporter from *Newsday*, which hit the jackpot.

As an Australian superstar, Hogan has twice been interviewed by Australian *Playboy*. Now, as an international megastar, the time was ripe for his US debut, so US *Playboy* contributing editor David Rensin was commissioned to get an American's eye view of Hogan in New York while he was filming *Crocodile Dundee II*. His report:

"We conducted our interview in Hogan's caravan, which was parked outside of Silvercup Studios in the Queens district. Hogan likes to be in control; yet he does so with a complex, even Byzantine shrewdness. For example, to make the first *Crocodile Dundee* he needed to finance half the film with the help of stockholders. But wanting to rid himself of their occasional gutlessness and interference, Hogan and Cornell diminished their influence by making deals too quickly for anyone to object. Later, hit in hand, he made another deal with Paramount, leaving him free to follow his comic instincts and make the *Crocodile Dundee II* he wanted. That meant replacing the original director with Cornell and writing the script with his oldest son, Brett.

"Of course, one can't fault Hogan for keeping things all in the family. Yet it is a clear indication of how single-mindedly the man works. Not that you can tell from the self-effacingly polite and disarming exterior. I began by asking about the Dundee sequel, shooting on the sound stage only a few hundred metres away."

PLAYBOY: When we last saw *Crocodile Dundee*, he was on a jammed subway-station platform, stepping across the shoulders of passengers to reach the arms of his true love. It seemed deliberately open-ended. Was a sequel being considered even before the huge box-office returns were in?

HOGAN: No, though people think we were bein' a bit clever. But the first movie was almost an introduction. Mick Dundee's major confrontations were with kid muggers and escalators and bidets. It wasn't really an adventure. It was a comedy/romance and maybe a little adventure. It almost seemed like a waste of a character. But that gave it an advantage in terms of a sequel. If the first movie had been like *Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom*, the sequel would necessarily have been another giant adventure. But since Mick has only sort of popped in, been in New York a week or two and shaken hands with a few people, it's open. So now, in *Crocodile Dundee II*, I get him into lots of action and confrontations with really tough villains.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Dundee's charm that he

John Cornell and I think alike, we have similar attitudes, and have never had a real row. If you didn't know better you'd think we were homos.

was cut from a different cloth from the standard action/adventure hero?

HOGAN: The situations he gets into are deliberately traditional; it's the way he gets out of them that makes this different and very, very funny. I gave Mick his head and let him use his outbackness to overcome problems that Rambo and Commando and John Wayne found themselves in all the time.

PLAYBOY: Are you parodying other screen supermen? Are you slipping in a satirical message?

HOGAN: Not really. But I am sayin' you don't necessarily have to take a chain-saw to people to straighten them out. I was a bit sick of "How many guys can we kill?" or "There's these brand-new machine guns that fire backward!" or "What about if we used a chain-saw?" That's the standard movie-hero approach, and that gets pretty boring. The main thing is, at the end of the film, you should have laughed your head off and feel the same as you did watchin' the first *Crocodile Dundee*: a warm sort of feeling about people. That's what I like.

PLAYBOY: What do you expect critical reaction to *Crocodile Dundee II* will be?

HOGAN: I expect some backlash about losin' the simplicity and charm of the first one and how I've gone all Hollywood, which is nonsense. The same people who said the first

one wouldn't fly because it was too low-key will analyse this one as too aggressive. Then they'll change their minds when it's a success, too, and say it's because I did it without being offensive.

In the end, the public will decide. All the publicity in the world won't carry a film into the third week. The third week, you're on your own. That's the good part about this movie business. You can't force it down their necks.

PLAYBOY: Wildly successful movies usually result in a couple of years' worth of imitators and spin-offs. Was that true in the case of *Crocodile Dundee*?

HOGAN: The advertising world certainly jumped on it. Everything Australian being sold anywhere in the world has got a suggestion of a crocodile or a hat or a knife somewhere in the background — a vague reference to *Crocodile Dundee*. In films and television, a lot of people have already tried that path and failed. Those failures might have put others off. Anyway, they're welcome to try to copy. Comedy is a hard game. No one realises that.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying your accomplishments have been taken lightly in some quarters?

HOGAN: *Crocodile Dundee* is not a fluke. I've been doin' comedy on Australian TV since 1973. I wouldn't make a sequel if I didn't think it would be at least one and a half times better than the first. And *Crocodile Dundee II* is looking like it might be twice as good.

PLAYBOY: Why no merchandising based on the original film? Considering the experience of other smash movies such as *Star Wars*, we might have expected hats, crocskin jackets and knives.

HOGAN: Haven't done any, really. We just have to stop other people from doin' it, because so many things come out with crocodile stuff attached that people assume we're involved in it. But we didn't do it, didn't want to. Don't want to turn *Crocodile Dundee* into Mr T, y'know?

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also talk of a *Crocodile Dundee* TV series?

HOGAN: Instantly. But, no, I wasn't interested.

PLAYBOY: And will there be yet another *Croc*? Are we witnessing the birth of the Rocky syndrome, Australian-style?

HOGAN: The original title on the first draft of the sequel was *Crocodile Dundee — The End*, meaning there would be no third, fourth, seventh. I certainly don't want to do a next one. True, I said we didn't plan a sequel for the first one, either. But that first one was made on a very low budget and it was restricted in so many ways. We couldn't do things with the character that we might have wanted to. *Crocodile Dundee II* sort of completes it.

PLAYBOY: So you'll go on record saying there will never be another *Crocodile Dundee*?

HOGAN: Definitely. There won't be. [Pauses] The only excuse to do a third one would be money. [Laughs] No. There won't be another! Look, if I leave it long enough, I'll

be too old to do Mick, anyway. The thing to do now is to come up with a better character.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about being typecast?

HOGAN: I've already faced this kind of problem. I've been one of the best-known faces on Australian television for years and years and years. So I thought the first movie would be a challenge, because these people knew me as a television comedian and social commentator for so long. The character I played on television, Hoges, was a variation on *Crocodile Dundee*. And so they accepted it. It would be the same if I went into a new character.

PLAYBOY: So you don't care that you're doing basically the same character?

HOGAN: I'm not Laurence Olivier. If you go to a Clint Eastwood movie, you expect to see Clint Eastwood and you're disappointed if you don't. You don't want to see him playin' a bank clerk. And that's all right with me. I don't have this crisis about being an actor who has to be so radically different every time he turns up. No great interest in it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HOGAN: My Australian television show was a total platform. I wrote it. There was no censorship of any shape or form. When enough tickled my imagination or appealed to me, then I put a show together and just put it on. I had a blank screen contract. So I'm not like a frustrated actor who's been doin' other people's vehicles for years and now, at last, has the opportunity to say something.

My very first time on television was me givin' my opinion of what's wrong with the world. So I've had that luxury. There's nothing burning inside me. Besides, I get bored being only an actor. I did an Australian mini-series [*Anzacs*] that dealt with our war history. And I couldn't handle sittin' around all day in make-up just to jump up once in 12 hours and say, "Look out! Here comes a bullet!"

For 13 years, my partner, John Cornell, and I did everything: write, produce, direct, design the sets half the time, edit, promote the whole sort of package. Same with the film. I'm involved right down to the final mix, how the posters look, how many cinemas it's in, what the ads are like. This time, we decided we didn't really need an outside director. Or outside writers. And that's the nearest I can get to directing it myself — only it's easier because John does all the hard work. If we could, we'd rent cinemas, as well, and be ushers and adjust the projector and do all that, because that's the nature we've got.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, it's a strong relationship.

HOGAN: Yeah. We're the godfathers of each other's children and are best friends. We think alike, we have similar attitudes and have never had a real row. If you didn't know better, you'd probably think we were homos [laughs].

PLAYBOY: When you first tried to get US distribution for the movie, was Hogan in Hollywood like Dundee in New York?

HOGAN: Yeah. Although my introduction to Hollywood was with television. Years ago, I sold a cut-up version of some of my old Australian shows. They were going to be broadcast at midnight and such. At the time, we had meetings with high-powered executives. But they didn't have any power at all. It was all that talkin' in circles and "Let's do lunch" business and all the cliches and nothing ever happened.

PLAYBOY: If you were to spoof Hollywood, say, on a TV show —

HOGAN: Oh, it's totally spoofable. I might really laugh myself silly. The Beverly Hills Hotel, naturally, was where I stayed the first time I came over. At the Polo Lounge and the pool I saw guys with a white stripe down their face from holdin' the phone out in the sun.

They're talking in loud voices, you know, "I don't want Redford. Tell him to nick off. Barbra Streisand? I won't work with that bitch again!" All loud conversations, obviously with nobody. "I've got this idea I'm working on. It's sort of like a *Love Boat*, only on land." These guys had 48 pounds of gold chain and bad rugs. [Laughs] It was wonderful. I'd have been disappointed if it hadn't been like that. Full of pretenders and would-bes. But people don't do deals around the pool of a hotel. That's only in the movies.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough for you to cut through the bullshit in Hollywood?

HOGAN: No, not when I was talkin' to blokes who were genuinely in the business, who

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knew what it's really all about and could say yes to a deal. Then, no problem at all. It's a pleasure, in fact. I can understand, though, that it'd be a tough business to be here with your script under your arm, waitin' in those queues, fightin' to connect with somebody's secretary. I wouldn't play in that game.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any sort of film model on which to fashion *Crocodile Dundee*?

HOGAN: I had models of what to avoid. I wanted nothing in my film where the wound gapes open and blood spurts out. And no attempt to be funny by excessive use of profanity. That's okay only when it's required. And no sex scenes. And no cripple jokes or comedy built on racism. No venom. A happy movie. A couple of critics compared *Crocodile Dundee* to films by Frank Capra. That's nice. But — and this is no insult to Capra — I didn't really know who he was.

PLAYBOY: Since you're taking some pokes at the American tough-guy heroes and generally suggesting that they lighten up, let's name some names. What advice would you give Clint Eastwood?

HOGAN: If he played a hard-working accountant with difficulties at home and psychiatric problems, he might earn the respect of his peers, as they call it. But his fans would hate it and stay away in droves. His fans put him where he is, so... Keep doin' what you're doing, Clint.

PLAYBOY: Arnold Schwarzenegger?

HOGAN: [Pauses] Well, he does do comedy to a certain extent. But as an actor, what he does is subject to the script. So there's not much sense discussing Arnold's point of view. Who knows what it is?

PLAYBOY: But don't you think Arnold's point of view is reflected in the scripts he chooses?

HOGAN: I don't think of him as a movie star. Poor Mr Universe who does a lot of movies where he tears people's heads off and looks like a chimp. I couldn't see him in a musical comedy. [Smiles]

PLAYBOY: What about Sylvester Stallone? Do you detect any comic potential there?

HOGAN: Well, he didn't do too well in *Rhinestone* with Dolly Parton. If he did comedy, you might have trouble understanding his delivery. But my real problem with Stallone is that I can't understand how the guy who wrote *Rocky*, which is a classic, is the same guy who did *Rocky IV* or *Rambo II*.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

HOGAN: His original *Rocky* was up against it in so many ways. Boxing pictures don't usually work, they don't get a female audience; and yet he made a boxing picture that was so much about the human spirit, the triumph of endeavor. It was warm and it was funny. It was one of the best movies I've ever seen. And now the same guy makes *Rocky IV*. Something happened. He needs to sit down with a psychiatrist. It's a tragedy. *Rocky IV* just turned into comic-book politics with the dreaded grey-suited Commies and all that sort of nonsense.

PLAYBOY: So your career advice to Stallone would be — ?

HOGAN: I don't give advice. I'm just mystified about Sylvester Stallone as a writer. Arnold Schwarzenegger might grow roses and be a stamp collector for all I know; you get no insight at all into the personalities of people playing roles in movies that someone else wrote.

But since Sly actually wrote the script for *Rocky*, you think you'd understand the author's values. So it's a great mystery to me how anyone can go from *Rocky*, which had a simple beauty about it, to ah, rubbish. If I ever made a *Crocodile Dundee III* full of Russian villains against the free world, or with Dundee takin' to people with chain-saws, then I hope someone puts me in a rubber room.

PLAYBOY: Following that line of reasoning, we must assume that *Crocodile Dundee* accurately reflects your values.

HOGAN: To a certain extent. I'm not as wholesome and pure as *Crocodile Dundee*. Perhaps nobody is. Mick doesn't have a deep, dark secret. And that's probably what makes him what he is. He's as open as a book. He's as open as we'd all like to be. He's pure of heart and takes everyone on face value.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think, despite your family-movie instincts, that blood and gore and adventure have been what audiences want?

HOGAN: I don't know whether it's what they've wanted or the diet they were served; so many movies were catered to the teenage market that it used to be all you could get. For anyone under 20, American movies were high school's-a-drag dramas and karate-chopping messengers from hell. Adult movies were about middle-aged people dying of cancer or marriages breaking up or financial disasters. I remember thinking there's gotta be something in between. There was a dearth of grown-up leading men; no one filled those roles that Cary Grant or Humphrey Bogart once did, particularly comedy roles. The only grown-ups doing hero roles are Clint Eastwood and Charlie Bronson and they're not getting any laughs.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have any other ideas about what to call your movie?

HOGAN: Honestly? [Smiles] Only one: *Buffalo Jones*. It was a working title. The Jones was because of Indiana Jones, and the Buffalo was because of some scenes that were once in the script about going on a buffalo chase. It's quite a spectacular thing to watch. You run them down, grab 'em by the tail, run up and tie them and throw them over. But the scenes were too hard to film and the whole idea went by the wayside. Also, the Buffalo name was wrong, because it implies a big ox of a bloke. You expect to see someone like Refrigerator Perry. And that's not me.

PLAYBOY: Your image is that of a pretty competent fellow, both as *Crocodile Dundee* and as Paul Hogan. What can't you do? What's difficult?

HOGAN: Well, I'd starve to death if I had to cook for myself. I'm barely capable of making a cup of tea or pouring a cup of coffee. I can't sing and I wish I could. I can't

type, but I don't want to. Anyway, I've always believed that if you've got something to say, someone else will type it in. Fortunately, I don't have to do much. It's that old thing of if you're not good at something, avoid it. That's the luxury of writing your own parts. I've no big scenes where *Crocodile Dundee* has an emotional breakdown and bursts into tears. I haven't experienced that, I probably can't do it and so I don't put it in the script. No ballet dancing, either. However, I do have me swingin' through the air, doing somersaults, thumpin' people and swimming. I can do all that.

PLAYBOY: Besides the *Crocodile* movies, you've become almost as well known for your various pitches — from enticing US visitors to Australia to hawking commercial products. How long did it take you to get tired of hearing people say, "Hey, Paul, put another shrimp on the barbie?"

HOGAN: About two weeks. I've also heard "... anyhow have a Winfield" about half a million times in Australia. I hear "Have another Foster's" when I go to England.

PLAYBOY: Since you've written many of these tag lines yourself, do you deliberately go for a memorable hook?

HOGAN: No, not really. Quite often, they're accidental. I did know in the first *Crocodile* movie that the line "That's not a knife; that's a knife" would go into the language. And, indeed, I heard that a million times. On the other hand, it's no big deal. It doesn't turn me into a living legend like Don Johnson or Joan Collins. I'm just the "shrimp-on-the-barbie" guy.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning to continue doing ads?

HOGAN: No. I've had success at it, but I don't want to go down as a great salesman.

PLAYBOY: You're a booster for Australia when you're in the States, but you're not always as reverent about it at home, are you?

HOGAN: Nah. Australia is celebrating its bicentennial, which won't mean much to you, but it's the country's 200th birthday. And that whole situation needs sendin' up.

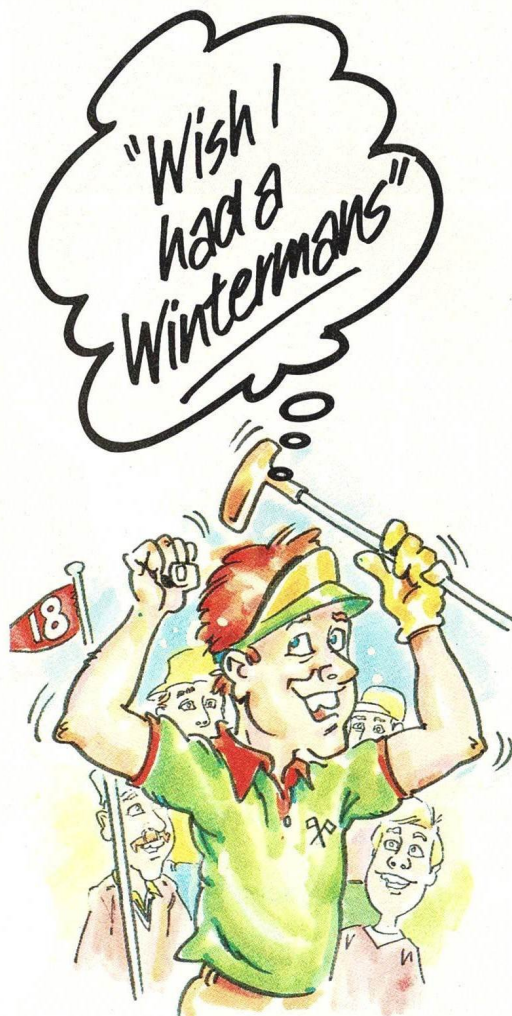
PLAYBOY: Australian films in recent years have been heavily into nostalgia about Australia's history, haven't they?

HOGAN: Yeah. That's why no one goes to see 'em. That's why I avoided that like the plague. Nobody really cares what boring things happened in Australia.

PLAYBOY: Except that the hero and horse always die. Why? What does it say about the Australian character that so many recent movies have been wars and tragedies?

HOGAN: That the wrong people are making movies. A lot of the people that got into filmmaking should probably be driving buses. It only says something about the Australian character if the public are flocking to the films where the hero always dies. But if we keep making those tragedy-torn films and the public stays away, then we're not reflecting Australian tastes at all. We're reflecting the opinions of a handful of film-makers. So

(continued on page 113)



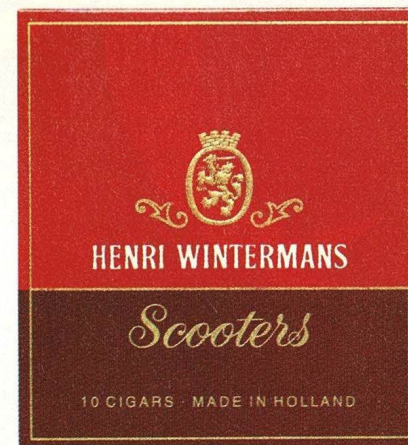
Whenever you're feeling like a winner, don't get caught without a Henri Wintermans on hand.

Like Scooters.

The international small cigars. The perfect size for any occasion.

With a flavour that's absolutely champion.

Just one of the Henri Wintermans range of fine cigars.



HENRI WINTERMANS
EXCEPTIONAL CIGARS

SPYGAMES ARE FOREVER

Ian Fleming, friend of statesmen, saw life as a James Bond movie. We've been suffering for it ever since.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL saga in post-war popular culture got off to a conscientious start after breakfast on a tropical morning in Jamaica on 16 January 1952. Ian Fleming, 43 years old and 10 weeks away from his first and last marriage, knocked out about 2000 words on his Imperial portable, claiming (falsely) that he was just passing time while his bride elect, Anne Rothermere, painted landscapes in the garden. In fact Fleming had been planning to write a spy thriller for years and he kept up the regimen of 2000 daily words until, two months later, he was done, with Commander James Bond recovering from a near lethal attack on his balls from Le Chiffre's carpet beater, Le Chiffre finished off by a Russian, Vesper Lynd dead by her own hand, and a major addition to the world's cultural and political furniture under way.

On 16 January 1962, 10 years to the day after Fleming had typed those first words of *Casino Royale* ("The scent and smoke and sweat of a casino are nauseating at three in the morning") filming began on *Dr No* at

by **ALEXANDER COCKBURN**

Palisadoes airport in Jamaica, with the British Secret Service and the CIA duly represented by Sean Connery and Jack Lord. That was 15 Bond films and over a quarter of a century ago. Fleming lived long enough to see only two of them, *Dr No* and *From Russia With Love*, before dying in August 1964 of a heart attack, helped along by his 70 or so Morland's Specials a day.

He has much to answer for. Without Fleming we would have had no OSS, hence no CIA. The cold war would have ended in the early 1960s. We would have had no Vietnam, no Nixon, no Reagan and no Star Wars.

Let those dubious of such assertions study the evidence. It was Fleming, assistant to the director of British naval intelligence during the Second World War, who visited Washington DC in 1941 and wrote a long memo of advice for General "Will Bill" Donovan, President Roosevelt's Co-ordinator of Information, whose duties included the collection of intelligence and the planning of various covert offensive operations. According to Ivar Bryce, a lifelong friend of Fleming's who was working at the time for Sir William Stephenson, the director of Britain's intelligence operations in the Americas, "Ian wrote out the charter for the COI at General Donovan's request... He wrote it as a sort of imaginary exercise, describing in detail all the arrangements necessary for financing, paying, organising, controlling, and training a secret service in a country which had never had one before."

Fleming's memo was dashed down in long-hand over two days in the British Embassy with the diligence later exhibited in his imaginative stunts after breakfast in Jamaica. It impressed Donovan, who gave him a .38 Police Positive Colt inscribed with the words "For Special Services". Donovan went on to build the COI which later evolved into OSS and later still into the CIA.

So, you see, it was all Fleming's fault. He had a riotous imagination utterly unsuited to serious intelligence collection and analysis, and the offices of the British Admiralty often rang with laughter at his mad schemes. It was Fleming who suggested that British sailors be entombed in a giant lump of concrete off Dieppe, from which they could keep watch on Dieppe through periscopes. It was Fleming who proposed to send a cruiser into Nazi waters with a transmitter beamed to the German Navy's wave-length which would, in his words, "keep up a torrent of abuse, challenging the German naval commanders by name to come out and do something about it. No sailor likes to be accused of cowardice, and Germans are always particularly touchy."

Fortified by such boyish fantasies, the officers of OSS never wrought much damage to the foe, but, from Donovan and his subordinate Allen Dulles downwards, learned to exploit romantic public fantasies of what a secret service should be. Thus they ensured their survival, if not in the field, then in the crucial bureaucratic battlegrounds of Washington.

At the end of the war the future of the OSS hung in the balance. Alert to the importance of publicity for their supposedly secret organisation, Donovan and Dulles lent every assistance to Hollywood producers racing to be first in the theatres with an OSS movie. Paramount's man in this race was Richard Maibaum, who with Alan Ladd produced OSS. Donovan's aid was later responsible for turning the Bond novels into film scripts. Maibaum recently recalled that "before we got done we had literally about 10 technical agents all telling us marvellous stories of what had happened to them all over the world, which we incorporated into the plot. There were foreshadowings of things in the Bond films — the pipe that was a gun, and other gadgets. There were some things we couldn't use, such as foul-smelling stuff like an enormous fart that the OSS agents used to spray on people they wished to discredit, and thus cause them to be socially humiliated. It was called Who, Me? We could never get it in, because the Johnson office would never let us use it."

Soon the postwar audiences were enjoying

*Without Fleming we
would have had no OSS,
hence no CIA. We would
have had no Vietnam, no
Nixon, no Reagan and
no Star Wars.*

Maibaum's OSS along with *Cloak And Dagger* from Warner's and *13 Rue Madeleine* from Twentieth Century-Fox. This spy hype helped the OSS resist bureaucratic extinction and instead metastasize into the CIA.

Having engendered the OSS, Fleming now began to lure Anthony Eden down the path of fantasy. Like many in the small but enthusiastic fan club for Fleming's early thrillers, Sir Anthony Eden rejoiced that in Fleming's pages, if not in the real world, a Briton was capable of decisive, if ruthless action. Eden, as prime minister, resolved that the fortunes of 007 would be reflected in bold deeds, undertaken by himself. In concert with France and Israel he invaded Egypt in 1956. He had not studied the works of his friend Ian with sufficient care. Bond and his master, M, placed the highest priority upon acting at all times with the approval of the United States. In the case of Suez, President Eisenhower said the invasion had to stop and it did. Twelve days later Eden had an attack of what his spokesman called "severe overstrain" and his doctors urged him to spend a few weeks in absolute seclusion and repose.

Once again Eden was overwhelmed by the fantasies of his friend. After the war Fleming had bought a plot of land on Jamaica's North Shore and built a small house on it. To acquaintances trembling with cold in English

winters Fleming would offer "Goldeneye", his Caribbean paradise. In the crisis, seeking rest, Eden and his wife decided to go to Goldeneye. Fleming was delighted, since it raised the rental value of the place and he was badly in need of cash. But for the Edens the trip was unfortunate. The quarters were unalarming. Gazing into the rafters of Goldeneye, the prime minister, already suffering bouts of paranoia, fancied he saw rats. He was right. He consumed days chasing them in the company of his two bodyguards. Finally, harrowed by lack of sleep and broken in health, he returned to London, announced he was "fit to resume duties" and resigned three weeks later.

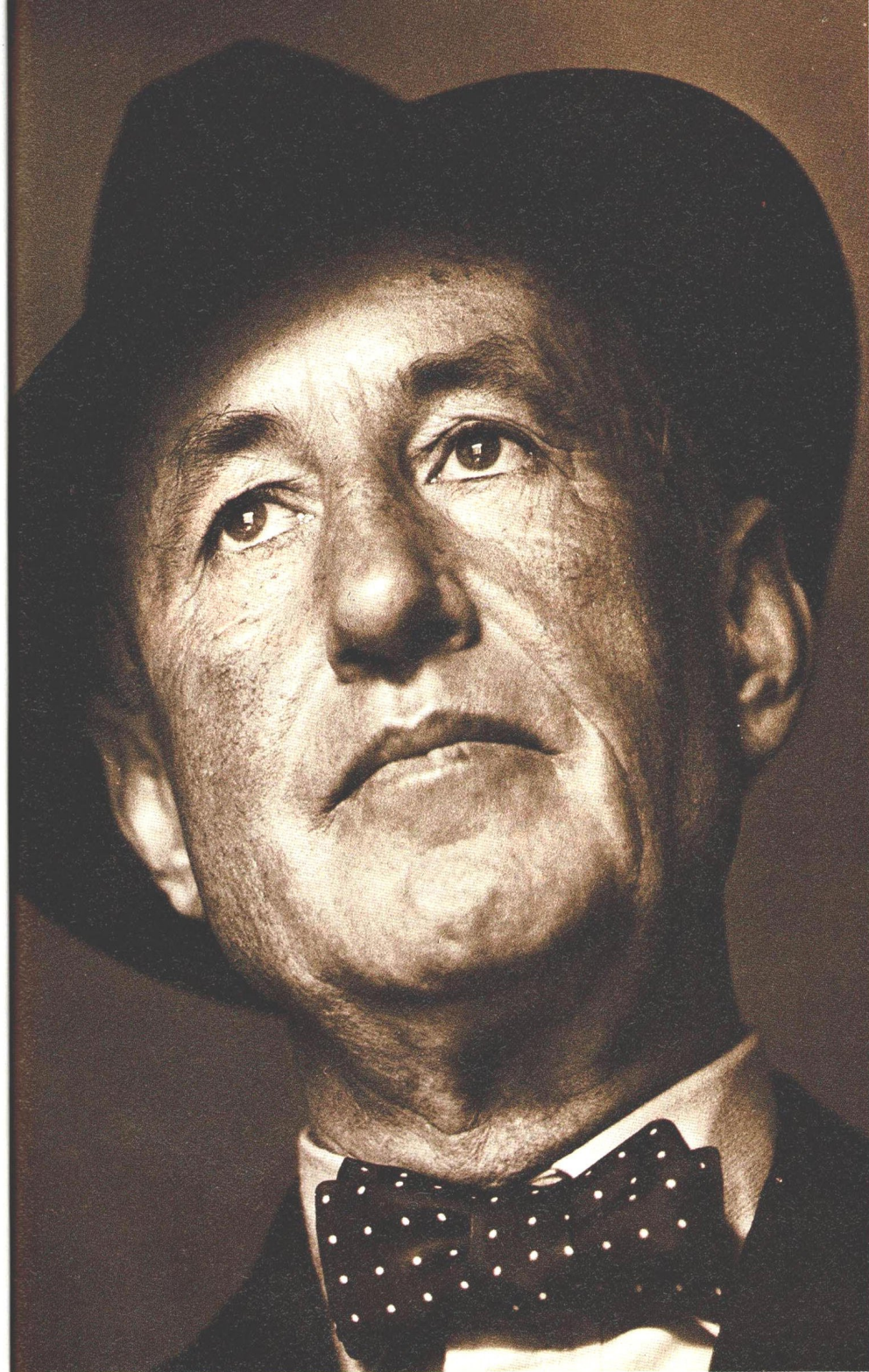
In 1958, Fleming wrote *Dr No*, which advanced the novel notion that Cuba, as the possible future representative of the international Communist conspiracy, had perfected a reactor-based instrument capable of sabotaging US missile tests, thus explaining the Russians' apparent advantage in space technology, as evidenced by the launching of the Sputnik.

Having proposed a fictional Caribbean missile crisis, Fleming followed up in person. In the spring of 1960 he was taken to dinner at the Washington home of Senator and Democratic presidential candidate-elect Jack Kennedy. The conversation turned to the problem of Castro. How should he be dealt with? Fleming's imagination sprang into action. As Fleming's biographer, John Pierson, reported the conversation, he told the assembled company, which included a CIA man called John Bross, that "the United States should send planes over Cuba dropping pamphlets, with the compliments of the Soviet Union, to the effect that owing to American atom-bomb tests the atmosphere over the island had become radioactive; that radioactivity is held longest in beards; and that radioactivity makes men impotent. As a consequence the Cubans would shave off their beards, and without bearded Cubans there would be no revolution."

Everyone, including Senator Kennedy, laughed at the scheme. The next day Allen Dulles, director of the CIA, telephoned a friend of Fleming's to express regrets that he had not been able to listen to Fleming's plans in person. Within two years the Kennedy brothers, along with Allen Dulles, were hiring gangsters to help in either the murder or humiliation of Castro, with the latter being attempted by a dust which would cause his beard to fall out. The subculture of sabotage and assassination coaxed into being by the Kennedys finally, on 22 November 1963, turned back on the President.

Just as Eden helped raise the real estate value of Goldeneye, so did President Kennedy augment the fortunes of the fantasist. On 17 March 1961, an article by Hugh Sidey in *Life* announced that President Kennedy read at a rate of 1200 words a minute and had 10 favorite books. *From Russia With Love* was ninth, just ahead of Stendhal's *The Red And The Black*.

Bond became the embodiment of western



Fleming: "...a riotous imagination utterly unsuited to serious intelligence analysis."

discourse on the Cold War. The men who would later construct the Reaganite view of the universe turned, time and again, to their Bond for edification. From him they learned that the Russians use Bulgarians as "proxies" and thus the legend of the KGB-Bulgarian plot to kill the Pope was born. They watched *Thunderball* and conceived that terrorists, probably Libyans, would steal atomic bombs and attack American cities. They worried about germ warfare when they saw *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and about weather modification when they saw *The Man With The Golden Gun*. But it was the lasers in *Goldfinger* and *Diamonds Are Forever*, along with the space station in *Moonraker*, that made the deepest impact. Could

missiles be destroyed in space? Could there be such a thing as a space shield? They brooded. To hand was a Bond sequel by John Gardner called *For Special Services* in which the villain announces on page 222 that "the Particle Beam — once operational — will prevent any country from launching a conventional [sic] nuclear attack. Particle Beam means absolute neutralisation." On 23 March 1983, President Reagan proposed a space-based defence system, known as SDI, which would use lasers and particle beams. Star Wars was born. As I said, Fleming and Bond have a lot to answer for.

Somewhere along the line, in their post-imperial fantasy life, the British got muddled

about secrets and spying and sex and identity and the confusion has been causing them endless trouble ever since. The week I was in England the newspaper headlines were replete with spy and sex scandals. Thatcher's government was claiming that national security had been "compromised", by a *New Statesman* article about a British spy satellite. Another story concerned Mrs Payne, a woman on trial for running prostitutes, about whom Terry Jones, of the Monty Python crew, has produced a film. According to the account in *The Independent*:

A tall man who dressed as a French maid at Cynthia Payne's parties told yesterday how he was "touched up" by a man he later learned was a "boisterous, tall and very fat" undercover policeman. Keith Savage, with short cropped hair and a Geordie accent, told a jury that the bearded officer put his hand up his skirt and fondled his bottom. "I was a bit upset about the police bursting in and I thought this man was trying to console me. But he got a bit overfriendly. . . I think he had a motive of a sexual nature." Another policeman, he claimed, was dressed effeminately, wearing eye make-up and a monocle.

For Bond there were father figures lurking behind every shrub, none more imposing than old M, with his damnably blue eyes, whom Bond tries to kill in an Oedipal spasm at the start of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. But here too we find that ambiguity discovered by the very fat policeman when he slipped his hand up Savage's skirt. Fleming's father was killed in the war when he was a boy. The dominant figure in Ian's life was his formidable mother, Mrs Val. Like Holmes and Moriarty locked together over the Reichenbach Falls, mother and son maintained vigorous psychic combat until they died within two months of each other in 1964, Mrs Val going first in July. Fleming often called his mother M.

Always this terrible confusion! The real M in the war was the head of M15, a man called Maxwell Knight. He was loved by his secretary, Joan Miller. She died in 1984 but her daughter fought to publish her memoirs over the desperate efforts of M15 to suppress them. They are now available in Ireland. There is a poignant passage in which Miller describes the object of her doomed love: "As I sat there watching this avowed opponent of homosexuality mince across the lawn, a number of things became clear to me... His tastes obviously inclined him in the direction of what, in a phrase not then current, is known as 'rough trade'. It was plain that he'd taken himself, that time, to the cinema tea room, instead of spending the afternoon with his wife in Oxford, in the hope of effecting a suitably scrubby pick-up."

Extracted from CORRUPTIONS OF EMPIRE by Alexander Cockburn. Published by Verso, distributed in Australia by Allen & Unwin, \$45 hb.



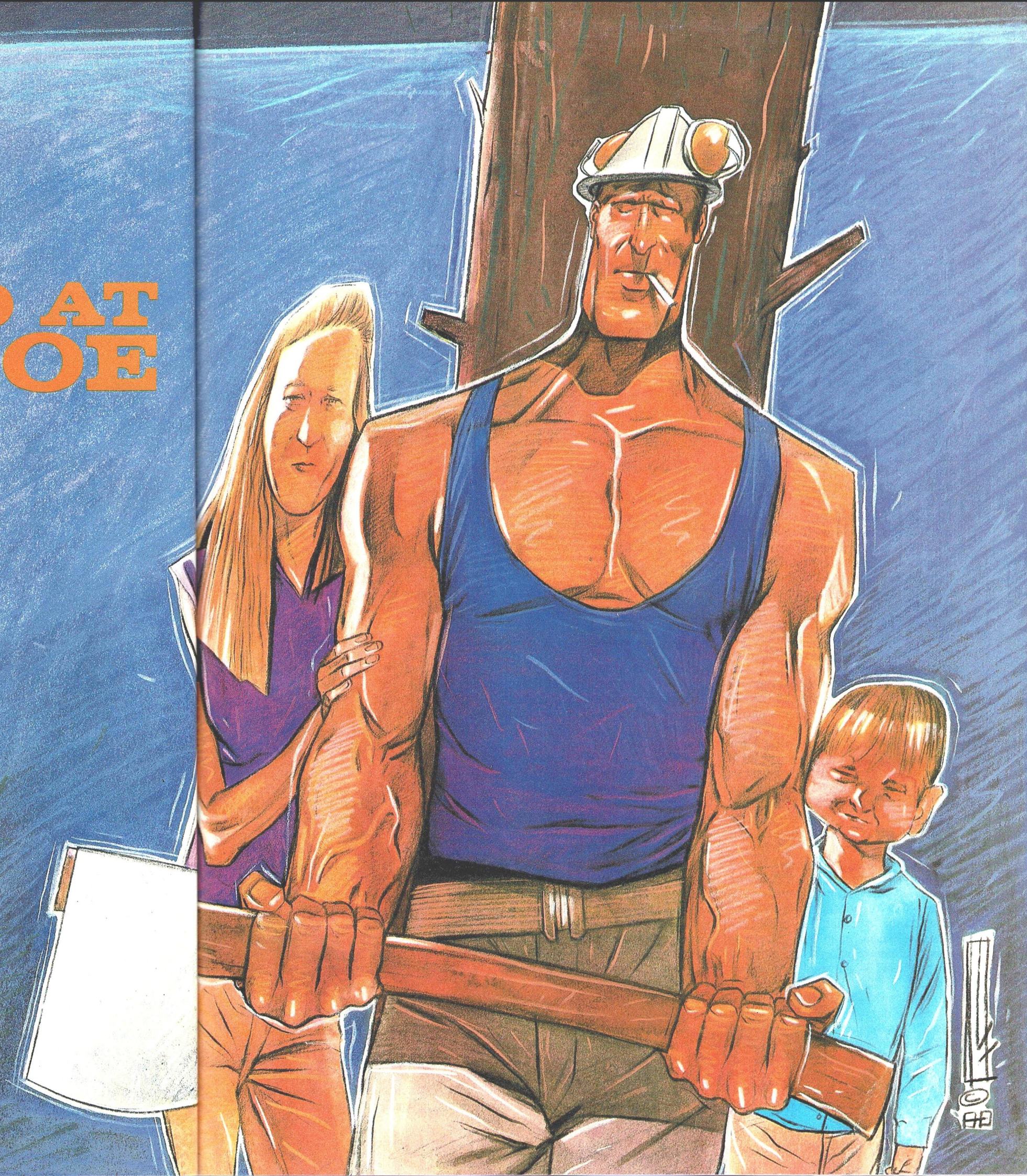
They're the diggers in the woodpile. They're Queensland timber workers who want to cut the Labor Party and "greenies" down to size. And, according to writer ROBERT REID, they could be a force to reckon with.

LAST STAND AT RAVENSHOE

IF IT'S YOUR first visit to the North Queensland timber town of Ravenshoe and you happen to be a conservationist or a Labor supporter, you might be well advised to keep moving. They don't lynch people in Ravenshoe, and nobody has yet been tarred and feathered, but the battery of high-profile slogans plastered up around the town make plain the deep mood of resentment simmering behind the peaceful facade of the community. Signs like "Our Children Sold Into Slavery" and "Greedy Greenies Want It All" litter the lawns and shopfronts of the town.

Since the Hawke Government declared its intention to nominate Queensland's wet tropical rainforests for World Heritage listing in June 1987, the town has been swamped by an influx of journalists, politicians, professional stirrers, and a small army of ecologists, botanists, and rainforest "experts". The once-quiet community of 1200 slumbering on the western edge of the Atherton Tableland is now a volatile hotbed of country people-turned-political activists.

Ravenshoe's women fired the first shot, when Win Yelds, whose husband has been a timberman for 33 years, called a meeting at her home to voice her concern over the proposed listing. Out of that meeting the Concerned Ladies Action Group (CLAG) was born. A public meeting was then organised in the town hall and attended by a large, enthusiastic audience. CLAG was up and running. Over the next few weeks chairperson



Janeene Wallwork steered CLAG into a cohesive lobby group. She has appeared several times on national television, debated rainforest issues with politicians, conservationists and scientists, and punched home the plight of timber towns in North Queensland. Wallwork, also director of the Victorian-based Forest Protection Society, launched CLAG into a flurry of fund-raising activities and letter-writing campaigns.

On 24 July 1987, Senator Graham Richardson became the federal Minister for the Environment, and the stage was set for the bitter confrontations which were to follow. Late in August Senator Richardson visited Ravenshoe for the first time and was invited to inspect two sections of rainforest — one which had last been logged in 1967, and one which was part of a national park and had never been logged at all. The idea was that he could see for himself that selective logging had a minimal long-term impact on the rainforest.

On the way out of town, workers at Associated Plywood Sales (APS), Ravenshoe's major sawmill, assembled to meet the senator. They were disappointed. "He drove straight past," says worker Ernie Taylor. "He had his head down and wouldn't even look at us."

It was a bad start to Senator Richardson's visit. Incensed, the mill workers followed the official car to the designated area, where Richardson was taken in tow by APS logging supervisor Reg Lockyer. Better known as the Bush Boss, Lockyer, a lifetime timberman, is regarded on the Atherton Tableland as an expert in practical rainforest ecology and forest management. He might not have any letters after his name, they say, but in the scrub he's the best.

While the mill workers waited on the road, Senator Richardson was escorted through both patches of rainforest. According to Lockyer, he was visibly impressed in the logged area. "He understood what I was saying, and appeared to be an average sort of bloke," says Lockyer. "But the moment we walked out of the scrub he changed. It was like he'd been told what to say, and he had to say it. He repeated over and over what we've now heard a thousand times. His arrogance was sickening."

By this time a fair crowd of townspeople had joined the mill workers to have a word with the new Minister for the Environment, Janeene Wallwork among them. "He was blatantly rude," she said. "He told us that if the government had to make 200 people unhappy in order to make two million happy, then they would do it. He was totally uncompromising."

One mill worker, with a heavy house mortgage and the threat of losing his job, had this to say. "I've never met a more ignorant man. All he could say was 'We will cease rainforest logging, we will cease rainforest logging', clapping his hands after every word. If my dog behaved like that I'd shoot the bastard, and maybe that should happen to Richardson."

But John Gayler, the Cairns-based federal member for Leichhardt, who was in the official party, had a different perspective. "There were out-of-town agitators in that crowd," he said. "It was very unfair to Senator Richardson and quite impossible for him to talk to the people on that occasion. There has been a deliberate campaign by the timber industry, supported by the Queensland government, to prevent Senator Richardson's attempts to reason with the people of Ravenshoe."

But it was Senator Richardson's next confrontation with an angry crowd of over 1000 milling townspeople that catapulted Ravenshoe into national prominence. On September 4 he was blocked from entering the town hall for a scheduled meeting, and forced, once again, to speak from a truck platform. As the crowd hooted and jeered, a timber truck drove across one end of the main street. At the other end, another truck did the same, effectively barricading the area.

The day before, in Cairns, Richardson had told the press that "World Heritage listing... is not negotiable". He said that people

After leaving the platform Richardson was kicked and his hair pulled, John Gayler was punched, and the official party was jostled violently.

opposed to the listing were being used as pawns in a game played by then Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen. He went on to say that he did not expect the people of Ravenshoe to welcome him with open arms.

They certainly didn't. Before he arrived, the town was stirred up and looking for blood. On the back of the truck he faced a hostile, heckling crowd. Exactly what happened on that Friday depends on the evidence of television video tapes and the opinions of differing viewpoints, but one thing is certain: after leaving the platform, Richardson was kicked and his hair pulled, John Gayler was punched, and the official party was jostled violently as it tried to reach a waiting taxi. The taxi itself was mobbed, and Richardson and his aides were forced to take refuge in a police car, which was also threatened. It wasn't a pretty scene, and left many Ravenshoe residents shaken and disturbed.

According to Janeene Wallwork, the incident was blown out of proportion by the press. Not only that, but a large proportion of the crowd was from other timber towns, and yet Ravenshoe had to take the blame for what happened. Wallwork claimed Richardson was "asked" to speak from the truck as the town hall was not big enough to accommodate the crowd. "He told us the

same things as before," she said. "We asked questions, but he couldn't give us satisfactory answers. I don't think he *knows* the answers." Richardson told the crowd that the Australian people had recently re-elected the government, so it had a clear mandate to proceed with World Heritage listing. Climbing down from the truck he was reported as saying to an aide, "Come on — let's get away from this rabble."

John Gayler claims the crowd was incited by a camera crew looking for dramatic footage, and that sections of the media were partly to blame for what happened. Several observers reported a woman being knocked aside as a bustling cameraman charged into the crowd. According to Gayler, political agitators were again on the scene.

"It was another rent-a-crowd situation," he said. "We know who they are. It was a disgraceful performance and totally undemocratic. I've never seen the likes of it before and it has a real stench about it. In my opinion the blame for any hostility from the people of Ravenshoe rests squarely on the shoulders of the National Party."

The following day Senator Richardson said from Cairns that communication with Ravenshoe people was difficult because "they have been given a program of misinformation from state government ministers and the Forestry Department".

Senator Richardson tried one more time. On October 7 he spoke to another large crowd in Ravenshoe. This time they let him into the town hall and there was no violence. Instead, on a given signal, the Last Post was played by a female bugler, and the crowd quietly filed from the hall. It was a carefully planned protest action, a symbolic turning of backs on the minister and his government. "I won't go back again until I'm satisfied talks will be productive," Richardson later said. "I won't travel up there for nothing. When they're ready to talk, I'll go and talk to them."

On the other side is, of course, the Queensland government, the timber industry, the State Forestry Department, and the Northern Rainforest Management Agency (NORMA). NORMA was announced by then Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen on September 2 as a "co-ordinating body committed to the care and protection of North Queensland's rainforests". Although NORMA claims to be non-political, and has a consultative committee of local authorities and community groups backed by a scientific body consisting of independent scientists from CSIRO and James Cook University, it has been actively engaged in anti-Heritage lobbying since its inception. Chaired by prominent businessman Sir Sydney Williams, NORMA is clearly committed to Heritage listing defeat. Although Senator Richardson was reported as labelling NORMA as "a pathetic snivelling protest effort", it is undoubtedly a powerful fighting faction in the Heritage dispute.

(continued on page 92)



"I swear I'll never tell a soul; and if I get caught, I won't talk to the media or write a book."

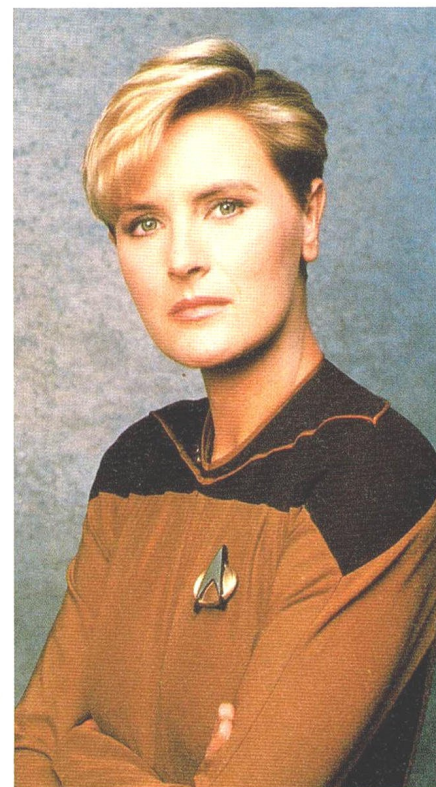


Here's to
Bing
Crosby's
grand-
daughter:
may she
live and
prosper on
the new
USS
Enterprise.

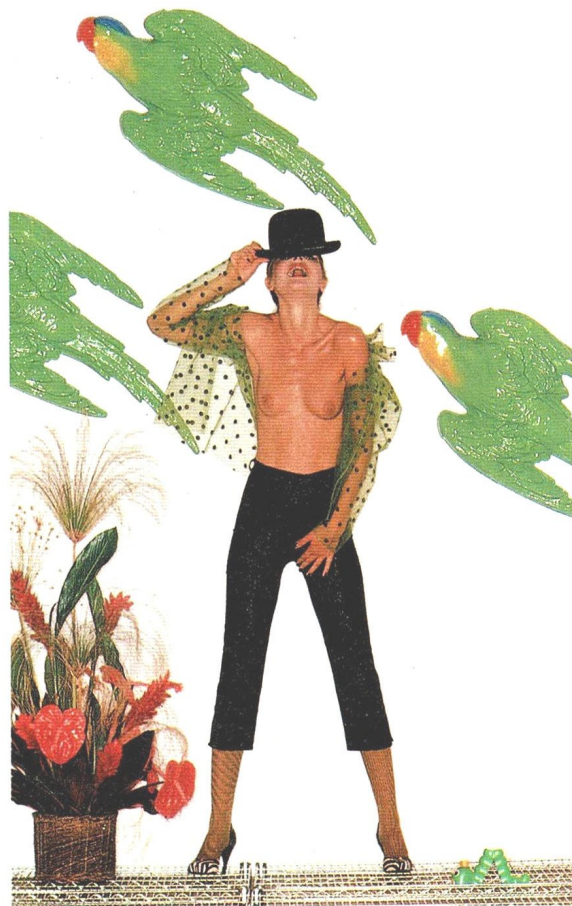


PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHILLIP DIXON

STAR TREKKIE



IF and when I break into films," said Denise Crosby back in 1979, "I'd like to capture the elegance of Dietrich and Garbo, but in a contemporary way." And what could be more contemporary than Crosby's current role, as Security Chief Tasha Yar in TV's new *Star Trek: The Next Generation*?



In 1979, when these pictures were taken, Crosby was known as a highly unconventional model with a butch haircut and outrageous clothing, who happened to have a famous granddad, crooner Bing Crosby. But bigger things awaited.



Crosby paid her dues in such films as *48 Hours* and *Arizona Heat*, before landing the role of the anxiety-prone Tasha. "My grandfather was a legend," she says. "Growing up with that helps me understand Tasha's insecurities."







Colin Bowles
reconstructs
some titillating
scenarios from
seraglios.

the myth of the harem

THE WORD "HAREM" conjures images of the archetypal male paradise: something between Prince's private jet and a health club on a "women only" morning, with you the only fitness instructor for the entire place. Most westerners imagine the seraglio to be a steamy gossamer-hung palace where the incumbent sultan lies supine on a bed of cushions surrounded by Nastassja Kinski clones in designer jewellery and G-strings, the atmosphere heady with opium and musk. The sultan yawns from languorous excess while a pneumatic nymph feeds him grapes from the vine.

In a recent movie, *Harem*, Hollywood attempted to unravel fact from fantasy. A beautiful New York broker (could there be such a thing?) is abducted by the minions of a middle-eastern oil baron and spirited away to his seraglio in the desert.

Unfortunately, the film left most people with the gnawing suspicion that Ben Kingsley looks better in a loincloth, but it did make the attempt to explode the myth. According to the (continued on page 108)

A full-page photograph of three male sailors on a boat, likely an 18-footer. They are wearing white racing suits with red and blue accents and are focused on their work, pulling ropes. The background shows a clear blue sky and a glimpse of the water.

OUTLAWS OF THE HARBOR

So you thought all yachties were well-heeled, wing-keeled gentlemen? Think again. The guys who sail 18-footers are so rugged they eat rugby players for breakfast.

PAUL TAIT reports.

IMAGINE SAILING FASTER than the wind in a boat just 18 feet long (5.5m approx) while holding a wire connected at the other end to a sail that is exerting 54kg of pressure on you. Better still, imagine doing it from the end of an 18 foot-wide trapeze, suspended in space at the end of another thin wire attached to the top of a flimsy mast.

Essentially, that is what sailing 18-footers is all about. These relatively tiny skiffs with the huge spinnakers can be seen most summer weekends racing around Australia's harbors. If you live in Sydney you have the opportunity of seeing some of the best racing anywhere, as the current crop of boats sailing out of the Sydney Flying Squadron and the NSW 18-Footers Sailing Club are without equal anywhere in the world.

Eighteen-footers are a unique and expensive class of sailing. To the people who sail them they are also the ultimate thrill to be had on the water.

The boats are so highly tuned that breakages are

fairly common. That all adds to their cost, and few if any sailors can afford to keep them without major assistance from a sponsor.

Consequently, company names are synonymous with 18-footers. Chesty Bond, Southern Cross, Bank Of New Zealand, Hooker Group, Finnair and Ericsson are all companies which can boast an association with the most exciting form of sailing in the world.

Costing between \$150,000 and \$200,000 each, the boats are like no others. They are built exclusively for racing and for speed. The materials used in their construction vary from fibreglass to balsa to Kevlar or carbon fibre and aluminium, but the net result is generally the same. On a good day with the right wind they are capable of speeds of up to and over 30 knots.

Talk to most 18-footer skippers and they will tell you that over 30 knots means out of control. When that happens it is only the skill of the three-member crew that is the difference between staying upright and capsizing or, worse still, an unexpected encounter with Bradley's Head or Short Island.

With all that in mind it is a wonder why any sane individual would commit themselves to the class. Its popularity has been waning in recent years, but that has largely been the result of the cost of the boats rather than the danger. Fortunately there is still a hardy core of individuals who are prepared to risk everything for the sake of sailing them.

One could be forgiven for thinking that Samuel Johnson knew something of the inescapable madness of this kind of sailing, when he wrote: "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to set himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned. A man in jail has more room, better food and commonly better company."

His comparison was never more apt than it is for 18-footers. People don't just sail these skiffs, they live them and they generally have no way of escaping once caught. It is probably that addictive quality, the love of speed and of mastering the water, plus the sport's inherent danger and roguish element, that attract people.

A press colleague recently seduced across to television once remarked that all young sports reporters cut their teeth on 18-footers. The implication was that 18-footer racing is a sport which ranks very low in the greater scheme of things, lower perhaps even than lacrosse and boccie. Apart from the pomposity of the remark, it also made me think that he, and possibly others, had missed the particular attraction of the 18s.

If you pay enough attention to the skiffs and get to know just a little about them you will find 18-footers irresistible, as I did. Just ask any of the punters who follow them on the ferries that track the races every Saturday and Sunday and bet hundreds of dollars.

Not surprisingly, this unique style of sailing inevitably attracts a unique class of people. Some commentators, like Grand Prix

Sailing's managing director Bill Macartney describe them as the "renegades" or "outlaws" of Australian sailing.

"I call them that because they have always seemed to be outside the law," says Macartney. "They've never been endorsed by the International Yachting Federation and they've always thumbed their noses at convention. For instance, they were the first sailing class in the world to take on sponsors and they were the first open design class, which were both against the rules."

"If you talk to any other sailor on the harbor they really fear these men. These blokes come at them going three or four times faster than other boats and scare the shit out of them," he said.

Eighteen-footer sailors certainly do not conform to the well-heeled, polite image that surrounds other classes of sailing. Off the water the sailors are generally temperate and restrained but on the water they undergo an almost Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation. Once in their skiffs the sailors become fanatics who will try any tactic to gain an advantage over a rival, even if it means a flagrant disregard of the rules of sailing.

The strange thing about 18-footers is that such indiscretions are generally tolerated, although occasionally confrontations do spill over into the club-house after a race.

On the day the last heat of last season's world titles was sailed a protest was lodged over the sails used by the winner, Rob Brown, on his boat *Southern Cross*. At the official presentation ceremony the next day two prominent skippers started pushing each other and almost came to blows as a result of the protest. The protest was eventually upheld and Brown and Trevor Barnabas's *Chesty Bond* were declared joint winners.

Such confrontations are rare but they do give an indication of just how competitive the class has become since its relatively calm early days.

Again, unlike other forms of sailing 18-footers have a very working-class background. The class was developed in the 1880s by professional sailors as a form of recreational sailing for themselves rather than crewing on larger boats owned by their employers.

The boats have evolved gradually over the past 100 years and the modern skiffs are now radically different to their antecedents. Constructed of wood and with huge sail areas, the early boats often had crews of up to 15 or 16. Most of them were aboard simply for ballast.

In the 1920s and 1930s Sydney rugby league teams like Balmain and South Sydney sailed 18-footers as a means of keeping fit in the off-season. History has it that grudges developed during the football season were often settled with bow-sprits and spinnaker poles on Sydney Harbor the following summer.

The rugby league connection with 18-footers is strong. J.J. Giltinan, the father of rugby league, gave his name to the world 18-footers trophy. It was that trophy which



At the helm of BNZ, Peter Sorensen, respectable suburban solicitor and every inch an old "bastard" on the water.

was under dispute earlier this year and which Brown and Barnabas now share.

The two sports have evolved in completely different ways since the early days. While rugby league is now a multi-million dollar sport which boasts massive media and public interest, the 18-footers still retain much of their original character. Rugby league has forsaken much of its old, working-class identity and will stride into the 21st century with the profit motive squarely in sight. Eighteen-footers, on the other hand, cannot boast the media coverage and public interest that rugby league enjoys.

This is a shame, because there is something very special about 18-footers. Most people who see them for the first time inevitably walk away, if not stunned, then at least impressed. To most people, sailing conjures up images of graceful America's Cup-style yachts sliding slowly around a course out to sea. In contrast, 18-footers are the pugs of sailing, hi-tech boats that spar

and jab at each other during races.

That is not to say that tactics and style have no place in the class. It is just that the people who sail them are inclined to be more aggressive than other sailors. Aggression is a necessary adjunct to the class as the boats are generally regarded as the most difficult class in the world to sail.

The most common metaphor used to describe 18-footers is that they are the Formula One racing cars of sailing. That, ostensibly, is true. Both Formula One cars and 18-footers have very few racing restrictions imposed on them and are regarded as the experimental class of their respective sports, where technologies and techniques are developed which later filter down to the average motorist or the weekend sailor.

America's Cup racing is generally regarded as the vanguard of sailing development. That is not strictly true, as materials such as Kevlar and carbon fibre were used in 18-footers years before they were ever adopted by the

more glamorous 12-metre class.

Just like Formula One motor racing, 18-footers also attract unique and interesting characters, such as Iain Murray, Ben Lexcen and Hugh Treharno, all of whom went on to achieve greater fame and fortune in 12-metre America's Cup racing.

Murray, sailing under the old Color 7 banner, designed and sailed boats which won six world titles, while Lexcen also designed a number of champion 18-footers, some of which are still being sailed, before he turned his hand to America's Cup boats.

Despite their undoubted pedigree Murray and Lexcen pale by comparison with some of the lesser known larrikins who found the 18-footer bug impossible to ignore. It seems that to make it in the class there has to be a little bit of good, old-fashioned "bastard" in your make-up, a spirit typified by Bert Swinbourne.

Swinbourne, now well into his eighties, won the inaugural world championships in

1938. He developed an attachment to the J.J. Giltinan trophy, one that not even a World War or a gang of protesting New Zealanders could destroy. Swinbourne defended his title in New Zealand in 1939 and seemed ready to take the trophy back home to Australia after he won the last race of that series. Then the crew of a New Zealand boat, which finished last in the final heat, protested against Swinbourne's boat *Taree* over an incident which occurred before the start.

Swinbourne still claims that he was set up by the New Zealand infidels. The boat in question came a little too close for comfort during pre-start manoeuvring and was warned off by members of *Taree*'s crew.

Taree had the right of way, but the language used by Swinbourne's crew was a little strong. Back in 1939, unlike today, swearing at an opponent was enough to get you disqualified and a New Zealand protest committee upheld the protest and declared

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DURING A MID-LIFE crisis I went through a year or so ago, it struck me that my erstwhile boyish body had begun to show a few signs of age and that, contrary to previously held notions, I might possibly not live forever.

Oh, the body was still quite lean, but the hair had become a good deal greyer and the skin below the eyes and chin somewhat looser. Also, I'd married Suzanne, who is 15 years my junior, and we'd created a small son. Sliding gracefully into my golden years was something in which I had not the faintest interest.

I went to a cardiologist and, on his advice, increased my thrice-weekly aerobic workouts from 20 to 30 minutes. I advised my trainer at the gym to show me no mercy on the Nautilus machines. I went to my nutritionist and upped my intake of megavitamins. I stopped ordering cholesterol in restaurants. I began to do research on various techniques to halt the ageing process.

than 10 minutes after such an injection of foreign protein. Hours passed. To the amazement of everyone, the patient did not die — in fact, she lived for another 30 years.

Using himself as a guinea pig, Niehans did further experimentation in fresh-cell therapy. Elated at the results, he created Clinique La Prairie. In the 55 years since then the clinic has treated more than 65,000 patients. Niehans died in 1971 at the age of 89.

I speak by phone with a surgeon who went to Clinique La Prairie in September 1986 to look over its operation and decide whether or not he wanted to take the shots himself. He was impressed by the clinic scientifically, took the shots and believes they were beneficial, but he's reluctant to have me use his name for fear of disapproval from the medical community.

Another doctor with whom I make contact believes the shots can do neither good nor harm

FOREVER YOUNG?

Sceptic Dan Greenburg visits the Clinique La Prairie in Switzerland where injecting live sheep cells is the path to youth. He notices that the men and women who get the treatment do seem perky and the sheep seem very nervous.

I began to hear a lot about a place in Switzerland called Clinique La Prairie, which has been around for more than 50 years. Its specialty is giving people injections of live cells from sheep embryos, a process that is alleged to revitalise the system. Charlie Chaplin, a satisfied customer of Clinique La Prairie, was reportedly 74 when he impregnated Oona O'Neil.

I decided to go to Switzerland to check the place out. I wasn't sure I wanted to be injected with sheep cells, but I figured I could decide that when I got there.

There are several theories about why we age. It has always been presumed that our bodies' cells have a finite ability to reproduce and live. The trick is to get ageing cells to continue reproducing. Fresh-cell therapy claims to do just that.

It was created by Dr Paul Niehans, an internationally known Swiss surgeon who specialised in the transplantation of glands. In 1931, a doctor in Bern sent for Dr Niehans to transplant a parathyroid gland in a last-ditch effort to save a patient dying from postoperative tetanus.

Niehans believed that the patient was too weak to tolerate the transplant of animal parathyroid. In a burst of inspiration, he pulverised the gland, dissolved it in a saline solution and injected it into the dying patient. According to prevailing medical wisdom, the patient couldn't live longer

but may produce an allergy to lamb chops.

I phone Dr Norman Orentreich, a dermatologist famous for assisting the famous to look younger. I am sure he knows of Clinique La Prairie. I'm right.

"The injections stimulate the adrenal glands," says Dr Orentreich. "But that is a stressful thing to do to the body, injecting it with foreign protein."

"Why is that?"

"Because it's stressful," he says. "If you took a whip and hit someone, he'd get an adrenalin rush and temporarily feel that he had extra energy. But it would be a transitory and a stressful process."

"Do you know of any side-effects?"

"The injections can cause soreness at the site, severe hives and arthritis."

"Would you take the injections yourself?"

"You couldn't give me a million dollars to take them," he says.

Maybe I won't take the shots after all.

At noon on Monday, June 22, Suzanne and I find ourselves in the Zurich office of Armin Mattli, owner of Clinique La Prairie. Mattli, a Swiss entrepreneur who previously owned a bank and plastics company in El Salvador, is a short, stocky man of perhaps 60, with blue eyes, blond hair, a blond moustache and a mischievous twinkle. He introduces us to Gigi Sutter, his

pretty PR director, and announces that we'll be joined at lunch by Dr Christiaan Barnard.

Dr Barnard, the famous South African surgeon and pioneer heart transplant, has become director of research for Clinique La Prairie and set up a nerve-cell-regeneration program at the University of Oklahoma. Barnard took the injections himself for his arthritis. He's a handsome man with an infectious smile and vast personal charm.

Mattli, Sutter, Suzanne, Barnard and I walk to a nearby restaurant, and Barnard begins to speak about cellular therapy. As we get older, he says, we lose our ability to repair the genetic damage that ageing does to our cells. Cellular therapy promotes the repair of genetic damage and has an anti-ageing effect.

There are many kinds of cellular therapy besides that practised at Clinique La Prairie, says Barnard — such as blood transfusions and vaccinations. In a blood transfusion, the cells of one human being are injected into another. In immunisation, weakened diseased cells are injected into a patient to stimulate a resistance against stronger ones.

"The idea here is not to conquer death," says Barnard wryly, "but to make people die as young as possible."

Barnard looks young for a man of 65. Mattli confides that Barnard has left his 23-year-old girlfriend in his hotel room.

I have heard that Barnard had two treatments of cellular therapy and ask what effect they had on his arthritis.

"It gets better, it gets worse and it gets better," he says. But does he see an improvement? "I don't, of course, know what I would have felt like without the therapy, but I believe there has been improvement, yes."

Mattli, too, has had the injections. I ask both if the therapy has improved their sex lives. Mattli winks. Barnard says that the area has never been a problem for him.

In one experiment Barnard tells us about, two genetically identical rats were symbiotically joined so that they shared a common blood supply. One was a 300-day-old rat. The life span of a laboratory rat is 400 days old. After the joining, the life span of the older rat was increased from 400 to 600 days.

Another experiment was done on cockroaches. If you break off a young cockroach's leg, it will grow another, but as the roach grows older, it loses the power to regenerate. If you symbiotically join a young roach with an old one, says Barnard, the old one will again be able to regenerate its legs just like a young one. Younger animals appear to have a greater concentration of the ingredients that provide regeneration and rejuvenation.

"Some people think cellular therapy is a joke. It's not a joke," says Barnard passionately. "I think it's stupid for the scientific establishment to ignore cellular therapy just because the scientific evidence has yet to be established — we take aspirin, and we don't know how *that* works, either. Within a year, we will have definite scientific evidence to prove to the scientific community forever that it's not a hoax."

I ask about the famous people who have

taken the injections at the clinic over the years. Mattli is guarded about that information and says he is sworn to secrecy by his clients, but the names of Konrad Adenauer, Winston Churchill and Pablo Picasso are mentioned.

"Adenauer lived to either 92 or 94," says Mattli. "Several presidents and heads of state have also had the treatment." Which ones? "They do not permit us to say."

"Which ones don't permit you to say?" I ask, but Mattli merely smiles.

Barnard excuses himself and heads back to his 23-year-old girlfriend. We're taken by limousine on a two-hour drive to Montreux, site of the clinic and of our hotel, the elegant Montreux Palace, both of which overlook the insanely picturesque Lake Geneva and the snow-capped Alps.

Clinique La Prairie is a lovely white Swiss dollhouse with a brown, peaked roof, yellow awnings and balconies spilling over with flowers. It sits on a hill facing the lake and is right next door to a girls' finishing school.

As we wait in a sunny sitting room at the

*An elderly doctor
and a young nurse are
bent over a dead lamb
fetus, carefully cutting off
the top of its skull with
surgical scissors.*

end of a corridor, Suzanne and I are still vacillating about whether or not to take the injections. We will take the physical examinations in any case. We're joined by an attractive Asian woman in trendy clothes. She looks to be in her early thirties.

We introduce ourselves. She's chatty, cute and very peppy. Her name is May Pai. She's from Hong Kong and she is here to take the injections. She asks whether we're taking them, too. I say we don't know yet.

In Hong Kong, May imports chemicals that, if I understand her, are used to clean boilers in utility companies, and she also deals in computers and women's clothing boutiques.

She came here "for stay young, look young, also digestive problem". What kind of digestive problem? If I understand her, she has 10 holes in her stomach. Ulcers? No. The holes don't appear to concern her, so I don't let them concern me, either.

We're introduced to Fontaine, a kindly man in his sixties who looks like Buddy Ebsen and speaks no English. We get into his Range Rover, with its empty sheep trailer bouncing along behind, and set off to see the clinic's ranch. On the way, we converse with him in pidgin French. We learn that the flock contains 700 to 800 black sheep and that three are used every Thursday. Fontaine has

been working at the clinic for 32 years and, yes, he has had the shots — three times.

The first time was for a condition called osteochondrosis, which resulted from over-exposure to X-rays. The injections saved his life — "*Un miracle (un mmi-rock)*," he keeps repeating, "*Un miracle!*"

After a delightful drive through rolling green Alpine foothills, we arrive at the ranch and are introduced to *le berger* — the shepherd. His has a name, but is only called *le berger* (le bear-jhair).

Le berger is 70, has been at this job for 20 years and looks as if he'd stepped right out of a black-and-white French film of the '50s. He has bushy black eyebrows, white hair and a three-or-four-day white stubble. He sports a worn blue-plaid shirt, a worn blue-denim jacket, two pairs of worn blue-denim pants, rubber boots and a black-vinyl fedora with a narrow brim. He gets about on a motorcycle. I'm in love with both Fontaine and *le berger*.

We're taken inside a 300-year-old barn, where two small groups of sheep are being held in pens. The sheep range in color from dark chocolate brown to mocha tan. They are irked to see us and huddle together as far away as they can, vainly trying to climb the opposite wall.

Fontaine, who has inexplicably chosen to wear a smart grey suit for his shepherd duties today, removes his jacket, dons rubber boots and wades into the pen with a box of sterile syringes. As *le berger* straddles a sheep, Fontaine bends down, inserts a needle into its neck, withdraws a blood sample, then places the syringe swiftly back in its sterile container. After each of four numbered sheep has been tested, *le berger* marks the back of its head with a red-dye marker.

Fontaine explains that the sheep are being tested for next week. If they don't test well, there will still be time to select others.

The entire operation impresses me. I like what I've heard from Barnard, and I like what I've seen of the staff and the facilities of the clinic. Although I'd told them we probably would not be taking the injections, I'm beginning to think that to come here and *not* take them is rather stupid.

Tomorrow morning, Thursday, at seven o'clock, if we decide not to take them, I am scheduled to witness the dissection of the lamb embryo in the operating room. This afternoon, upon our return to the clinic, we are supposed to meet with chief physician Elie Edde. If I'm impressed with him, I will check out of the hotel, move into the clinic tonight and take the shots tomorrow morning.

We meet with Dr Edde, who is a fellow of the American College Of Chest Physicians and another throwback to a black-and-white French film of the '50s. He sits behind his desk and his grizzled face peers at us through a thick veil of cigarette smoke.

"Why should we have the injections?"

"From the age of 20, we all need a garage," says Edde in thickly accented

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"If sex was an Olympic event, you'd be a natural — once every four years."



JOHANNA

**Brisbane beauty
Johanna has lived
a nomadic life —
but she still calls
Queensland her
home.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Johanna Oetiker, our adorable Miss August, has lived in some pretty exotic places around the world. She also knows Australia better than most people. But Johanna (Joby to her friends) is not just a seasoned traveller; she's got quite a way with words. Which is why we decided to let her tell her story for herself:

Having a father in the hotel business has been a great advantage to me. In my 23 years I've lived in many different countries and experienced many varying lifestyles. I got my first peep at the world in Nassau, the Bahamas, born to an Australian mumma and an eccentric Austrian father. In all I spent 12 years in the Bahamas, six of them in Nassau and the other six on one of the outer islands. The barefooted freedom, coupled with a sense of adventure, having no curfews imposed upon me by extremely liberal-minded parents allowed me to enjoy every moment of my time there.

Being educated above primary school, which was only a shack anyway, meant leaving the islands and attending a boarding school in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. This was a great time for one who'd never been out of her homeland and I'm still regu-

larly in contact with the friends I made in those two years in boarding school, and of course with my childhood friends in the Bahamas.

As it's a close family from which I come, my father's move from the Bahamas to Central America meant I was uprooted from school in the States, to join my family in Costa Rica. He managed a tennis resort in the mountains for an American company and I found myself commuting daily to an American school nearby. Life there was great, time was spent having fun rather than studying: camping down near the coast with school friends, riding horses on mountain trails, partying with teachers from the school who drank at the hotel bar, and of course playing lots of tennis. This is where I discovered my love of horses and the isolated outdoors. I learnt a lot about the South American people, their politics and emotions. Learning to speak Spanish was of course a help and something that I still remember today. My love and respect for the rain-forest areas of the world stems from having lived in Costa Rica, as well as my love of strong coffee, as I worked each holidays on coffee plantations which bordered the tennis resort. I also came to understand many of the problems that



face the Central American people.

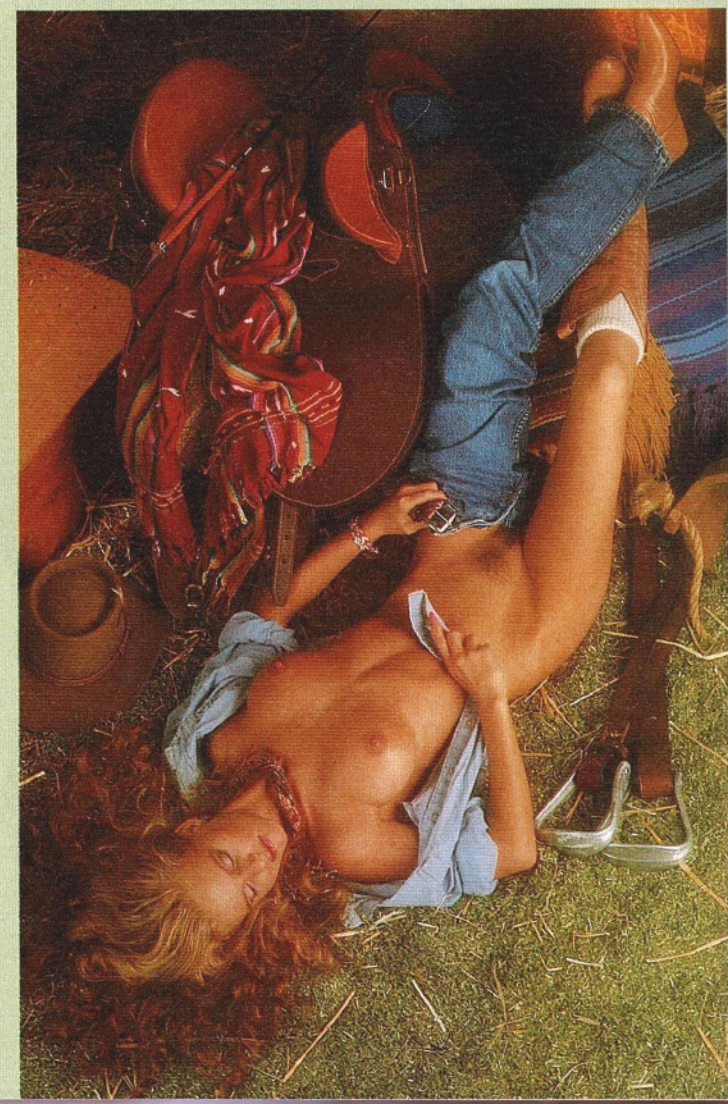
I was very upset when it came time to leave Costa Rica for Fiji. My friends and lifestyle meant a lot to me, but at the same time I was excited about moving back into the island lifestyle.

In Fiji it was time to meet the Australian and New Zealand people, which is perhaps why I'm now fairly well settled in Australia. This was a return to the beach life: sun, sea, surf and plenty of free time to enjoy it all. I even had a horse so I could continue my equestrian pursuits, this time riding on the beach sand rather than mountain trails. Nothing like riding at full gallop along a fairly deserted beach early in the morning with nothing on your mind other than whether or not to play tennis today or opt for the water-skiing at the resort.

Another two fun-filled years here, but it was to come to a rather sobering end fairly soon. How can you adapt subtly from the free life in Fiji to life in a boarding school in Brisbane. Wow, what a change, shock, horror, terror (well almost)! Rules, routines, curfews, unenlightened people, and to make it all worse lots of hard work. God, how I survived I just don't know, but I did and am still here to tell the tale so I guess I do have a bit of bounce in me.

Ma and Pa moved to the Philippines and neither I nor my brother could accompany them so that's how I ended up in Australia. Didn't really mind being in Oz, the music was fantastic, good shopping to be done, plenty of people who were open and friendly and easy to talk to and generally it was a change from always being the foreigner to looking at least like everyone else... I didn't exactly feel like an Australian but at least I looked like it.

One good thing about the high school I attended was that I met the boy that I'm still madly in love with. He didn't suppress my desire to move around, however, and I eventually found myself in Sydney.





Sydney was a welcome change from Brisbane. Life proved to be too exciting to stay at university and I ended up in a business college, which saw me being prepared for the executive assistant's lifestyle. When I graduated I spent two weeks in the employ of some boring old farts and decided it was time to travel once again. This disturbed my boyfriend somewhat but we agreed to meet in Europe. After eight months over there it was time to visit the parents in the Philippines for a time. Lived and worked over there for about a year, loving every minute of it but still missing my boy, who visited whenever he could but always returned to Europe. Made the move to my mother's hometown of Perth in '85 and lived with my brother. Worked in the public service, and various bars about town till I once again became restless and this time headed up north to discover some of the coast of Western Australia.

Ended up being surprised early one morning by my boyfriend who'd returned from London and had decided to pick me up on the way back east. Have since spent two years in Brisbane doing a variety of things including a bit of modelling, bar work, a stint at nursing, and some months at university once again but not having settled into anything permanent. Still waiting for something to really grab me like my boyfriend did. Guess I believe there's too much happening in the present to settle down and commit myself to one thing but I should say that I'll try anything once and give it my best. Open to any offers, even those that don't quite add up, only prerequisite is that they must take my interest... maybe that's why I chose to do a *Playboy* spread. It was out of the ordinary for me; another of my impulsive moves but I'm happy to say that I'm pleased with the way the piccies turned out and I have no regrets. Hell, maybe I'll make Playmate Of The Year. Wouldn't that be a buzz.



NAME
Johanna ("Joby") Oetiker

BUST
88cm (35")

WAIST
58cm (23")

HIPS
88cm (35")

HEIGHT
160cm (5'3½")

WEIGHT
44kg

BIRTH DATE
6/9/64

SIGN
Virgo

AMBITION
To enjoy today and that way always look forward to the morrow. Living, loving, learning and growing, each day bringing new experiences.

TURN-ONS
Friends and good times, my boyfriend, housemate's puppy, unexpected pleasures and surprises, holidays.

TURN-OFFS
Narrowmindedness, let-downs, rip-offs, aggression, being taken for granted, traffic jams, heavy metal music, selfishness in people, ego trippers.

FAVORITE BOOKS
Stephen King's *The Stand*, Peter Carey's *Bliss*, anything by Tom Robbins, *The Little Prince*, anything by John Irving, *A Clockwork Orange*.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS
Wet Taxis, Stranglers, Sparklers, Lighthouse Keepers, Jim Morrison, Violent Femmes, Robin Williams, William Hurt, Colin Friels, Christophe Lambert, Bette Midler, Meryl Streep, Cher, Sissy Spacek.

IDEAL MAN
My best friend... my boyfriend.

SECRET FANTASY
My secret... I'm not telling.



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Johanna C. Pitar



PARTY JOKES

A white hunter who was somewhat concerned about the size of his member overheard some of his bearers talking about a witch-doctor who had perfected a method of transplanting big black dongers on to puny little white men. At the first opportunity he sought out the wise man and asked him to perform the deed.

Unfortunately the witch-doctor was fresh out of dongers, so he persuaded the white hunter to have a baby elephant's trunk grafted on instead, telling him it would be 70 percent better, performance-wise, but being a new method it might have its drawbacks. The white hunter decided to take the plunge anyway, and then went proudly off to England on leave where everything was fine, with women falling all over him. Life was great until one day, at a garden party, the thing pulled his fly down and got stuck into the cream buns.

Unable to appear again in public after such an embarrassment, the great white hunter returned to Africa and confronted the witch-doctor.

"Well, sir," said the witch-doctor, "I told you there might be some drawbacks."

"Drawbacks," screamed the white hunter, "where do you think it was putting the cream buns?"



As the highway patrolman approached the accident site, he found that the entire driver's side of the BMW had been ripped away, taking with it the driver's arm.

The injured Yuppie, obviously in shock, kept moaning, "My car, my car," as the officer tried to comfort him.

"Sir," the patrolman said gently, "I think we should be more concerned about your arm than your car."

The driver looked down to where his arm should have been, then screamed, "My Rolex! My Rolex!"

A preacher who advertised himself as a great healer set up a tent in a small rural town. That evening, a man came in on crutches and said to him, "Ain't no doctor been able to cure my leg. Can you heal me?"

"What's your name, brother?"

"Bob."

"Bob, you just go behind the red curtain."

A moment later, another man walked in and said, "S-s-sir,

c-c-can you help m-m-me with m-m-my s-s-stuttering?"

"What's your name, brother?"

"John."

"John, you just go behind that red curtain."

After ten minutes of frenzied preaching and praising, the healer threw his hands in the air, raised his eyes to the ceiling and dramatically shouted, "Bob, drop your crutches! John, say something!"

A few moments passed before a voice behind the curtain said, "B-b-bob just f-f-fell on h-h-his arse."



During a recess in the proceedings, three delegates to an international agricultural convention sat down for cocktails, and before long, they began to discuss methods for driving their wives wild.

The French delegate volunteered that he always picked a few roses from the garden, spread the petals on his wife's body, then gently blew them off before making love.

The Englishman declared that before making love to his wife, he would massage her with hot oil.

The two Europeans then turned to the Aussie and asked him his secret. "Well," he said, "after the wife and I get it on, I hop outa bed and wipe my dick on the curtains. That, gents, drives her wild!"

While shopping, a young socialite recognised a classmate from her finishing school days. She was shocked at her friend's appearance: skintight miniskirt, black mesh stockings, high-heeled boots and skimpy halter top.

"Carol," she said after their initial greeting, "I hate to say it, but you look like a hooker."

"I am."

"But why?"

"Honey, it was either this or dip into principal."

What do you give a woman who's got everything? Penicillin.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay \$25 for each joke used.



"I can't cure your premature ejaculation, but I can put you in touch with a woman with a very short attention span."



A Shagger's Paradise Lost

Writer, artist, actor and all-round funny bloke BARRY DICKINS maps out Australia's most erotic locales — places where he reckons he can get laid without getting waylaid.

AS A SINGULARLY sexually frustrated young buck of 17 I awoke one hot morning in my parents' weatherboard bungalow and realised I had to have a shag. My mates were all doing it; Graeme Blundell, who lived down the road, always had lawn up his back from having a shag; I was sick to death of fronting the Preston Coin Club and arguing over the intrinsic worth of a 1694 Egyptian fourpence.

I sat down at my parents' little pink-flecked laminex table, located a lump of jotting paper, dug up a biro and sketched A Map Of Shags. I would set out from the Ford factory at Broadmeadows and try and get to Darwin. I would shag myself to death all around Australia.

I combed the hair, counted my two dollar note 19 times, had a frugal feed of fruit loops and skim milk, bowled over a can from the fridge, tied up my sandshoes and hit the sexual toe. On the road I went, all the way to interstate euphoria. It felt real good to cut loose on my way to Shagdom.

It wasn't too comfortable shivering outside the Ford factory. The first rig I picked up was a lunatic.

"Get in!" he shrieked. I got in.

"Get out!" he again shrieked. I got out.

"Why?" I cried.

"Sickaya!" he said.

I admit I was not sexually turned on by him much. I watched devastated as his load of cantaloupes and bananas and pawpaws sailed up the rainy Hume Highway. I cheered myself up by thinking of my first Seymour shag. I just knew I'd get my tortured end in in Seymour, a mad army town.

I got a frustrated business rep next. He took me as far as Seymour before he was sick of me too.

"At least you could've been a bloody woman!" he screamed. "At least I could've been able to root ya." I said I was sorry and he drove away flat-out up the road.

I begged for a feed at a Seymour service station. "I've had nothing to munch but grass for many weeks," I sobbed, and expired on the freshly Dettol-ed linoleum.

"Would you like a root, darling?" said the big-busted lady who ran the show.

"Yeah," I replied, politely.

"Well, get rooted then!" she roared. I hit the toe. I never have understood Seymour wit.

No rides all day. I lay under a tree and thought of women's bums. At night the only sexual imagery I observed was a load of stale bread heading towards the border, without a tarp on. I dug out The Map Of Shags and tried to figure out what I'd done wrong. Maybe it should've been more detailed.

Under that blond starlight the artwork looked nothing like Australia. It was abstract expressionism in its most complicated form. I marvelled at what I'd drawn there on my mum and dad's innocent table. "Get root at

Seymour. Continue up her body. Grab big tits at Albury. Head for hard-on at Hardin. Seek sex in Sydney. Be successful."

When you look hard at most of our Australian towns, you sometimes wonder what it is exactly that gives them a sexual reputation. A town as ugly as Yass, where I have blown up 19 Falcons, been jobbed each time I've been stranded at the station, and never had a sexual confrontation, not even with myself, is called "a good sex town" by certain deluded outsiders.

"Jesus Christ, the girls there are top roots," you hear on the road.

"No, they're not," you also hear. "They're fucking molls!"

"Same thing."

Alburey turned out to be a fizzer for roots for poor old Dickins. I sat on a lukewarm potato cake and one night I saw a cat's snatch. Indeed in many ways Alburey put me right off sex. You walk through the main drag, never fluke a ride, and just stare.

Semi-trailers, millions of 'em, all heading for bloody Sydney. They all laughed at me, pointed at me and laughed at me, or spun their finger around in their left earhole, indicating it was me who was the insane one. I had a dance with a spastic lass in Alburey; that was it.

They say that as you head towards the sun the sheilas get hotter. Well, they look better, but I didn't have much luck in Murwillumbah. A banana and a look round. A casual stroll along the river and a quiet read of a packet of chips. Nearer the sun; not nearer a good shag.

They say that sex on board rough ferries to Manly is quite frequent. Apart from violent graffiti, spraypainted horse cocks and the like, the only intercourse I detected on board ferries was a lonely one-legged seagull flying into a funnel.

I got as far as Sydney on that first leg of The Map Of Shags before anything vaguely erotic occurred. A girl recovering from cancer allowed me to see her snatch on a mattress out in the backyard.

"You can look, because you are sexually frustrated," she said. "But you may certainly not touch." I thanked her politely, and went to bed and listened to Leonard Cohen

played at the wrong speed.

"It's real good for sex outside the Sydney Shrine," a derro told me one night, while I was on the swag. I hung around till dark. I smoked and considered stars. I felt peaceful for the first time since I started out on The Map Of Shags; I realised I was never cut out to be Errol Flynn.

I had one or two offers to perform depraved acts for a suck of sherry, but this being not upmarket enough, I set out for Cairns, where erotic love was promised by every traveller I met on the open road. "There'll be nothing left of you after you get to Cairns, mate," I was informed. "Gee whiz! They go all night in bloody Cairns!"

The only thing that went all night in Cairns was the mozzies. They bit right through the old sleeping bag. They were worse than horses biting you on the arse.

I met a girl in Cairns who told me she loved me so much that if we shagged she would kill herself. She was so utterly depressing I said, "Let's get it over with, then." Her name was Bendy Rainbow; apparently her old man had invented the staple-gun in Great Britain during the war years. I kissed her on the back of the neck and she elbowed me in the throat. A flop.

I got a truck to go all the way to Darwin, an ice cream one. "Don't talk," the bloke growled, so I just sat there on his old bag of tools. There was a wheelbrace up my arse for nearly the entire journey.

He pulled up outside some remarkably remote roadhouse. "Wait in," he snarled, and I observed him go the fang on a huge, mouth-watering steak, drink a tub of fat, glug six stubbies, pay, then get in the rig again.

"Are you a poof?" he asked me as he drove away. Real beaut night it was.

"No," I said. "Are you?"

"Don't talk."

The only object that driver ate from then until Darwin was Cone Bars. I had to crawl into the back and dig the ice off a few, and we'd get stuck into them. His gearbox blew up in the middle of the desert, and he too roared me up for not being a woman.

"Jesus, you've got a bloody hide not being a woman," he snarled.

At a party at Darwin I cracked on to a Greek manic-depressive egomaniacal process engraver who once worked for The Mint doing the original artwork for the Australian dollar. Dot, her name was. We sat on a high cliff and she described how exciting her husband was.

I had a feed of tiger prawns in Darwin; got bitten by a sea wasp-thing. I found a sandal on the road down to Alice: a left one with no heel on.

In Alice Springs I went out for a short time with a black girl named Lulu. Her parents were very nice, and invited me to be initiated into their tribe. Her father, Laurie, had once shagged poor Lulu, and at the barbecue he told me on the side he still had the hots for her. "Have you?" was the only thing I could think of saying. "Yeah," he said, and I recall that his tongue was hanging out.

It was at this point of The Map Of Shags that I realised that you have to watch out, you have to wake up, there is no such thing as a "hot night in Nhill" or a "good rooting town" anywhere at all. You either crack it for a bit of luck, or get rooted. I began to nuss Melbourne bad.

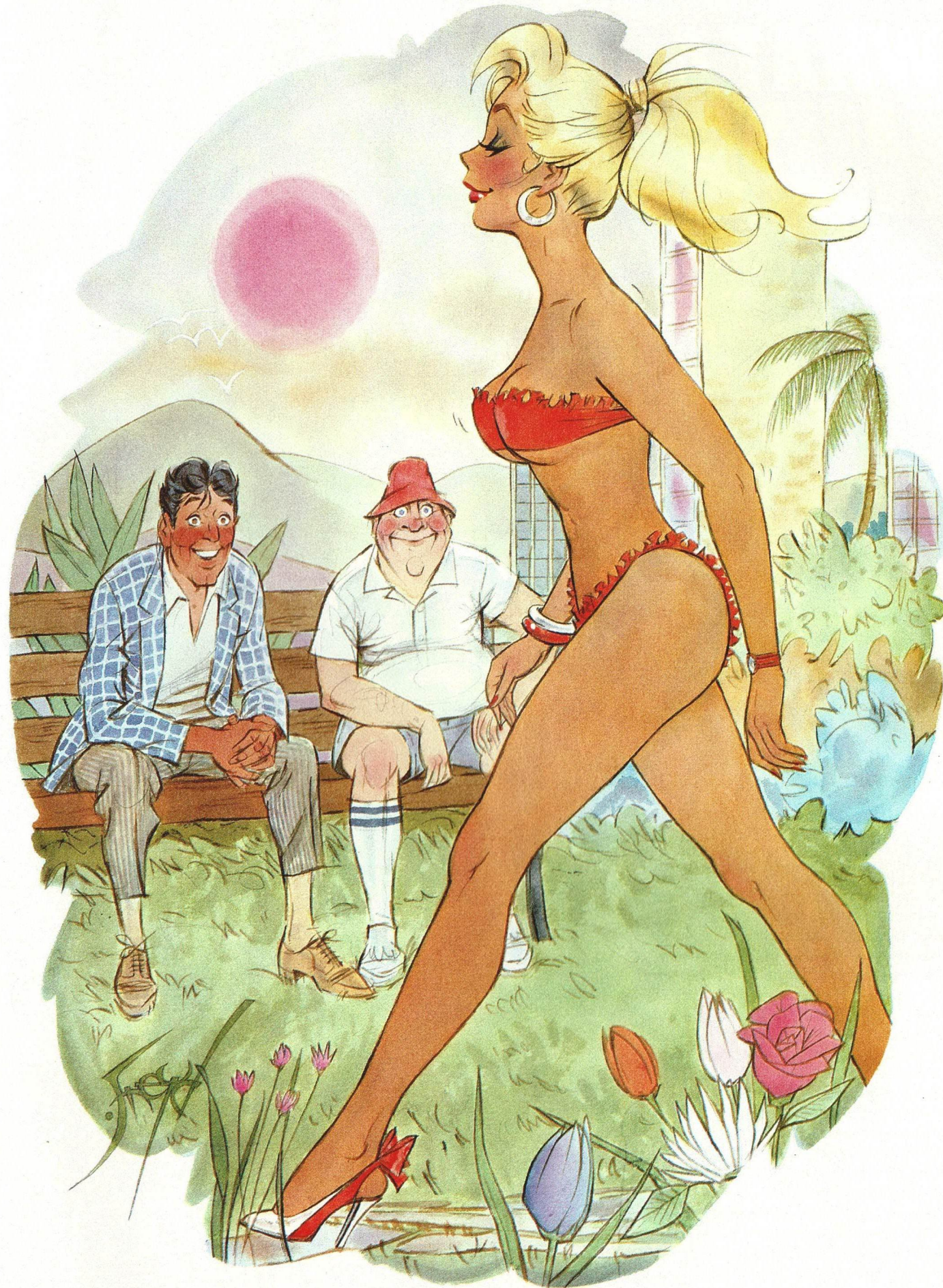
And it was indeed back in Melbourne that a real shag came my miserable way. A depressed girl named Zero, whom I first met at a hippie joint in South Yarra, gave me the shag of my life in my parents' weatherboard bungalow. Her bra wrapped around the lightbulb, my lightbulb wrapped around Zero, The Map Of Shags forgotten completely, I found love, even if it only lasted one night.

Her shining bright bum going up and down on me like an overworked bikepump spring, her eyes as bright as the bourbon we'd bowled over, it was a bit of a turn-around to see my father standing in the doorway, asleep, pointing to the hands of the Dickins household clock.

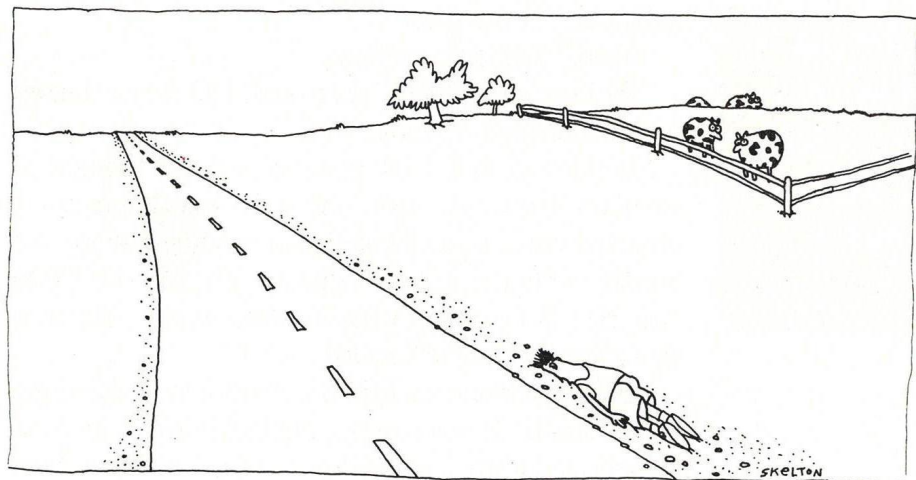
"What time do you reckon it is, son?" said sleeping Dad. He was, of course, muttering in his sleep, and soon he was gone, and the Olympic shag record continued. Zero was as frustrated as me. She told me her last shag had been with Ronald Biggs, but that he was thinking of someone else at the time. I didn't know what to believe. I was just glad to shag.

When you think of it, what can be more normal than a shag? It's merely mythology, although I must admit that when the bra is lobbed around the lightbulb, the sweaty, sensual wrestling-match is in earnest, the guilt and lostness is chucked out the door, the shag is on, it is like no other pastime, except possibly for indoor rope quoits.

I never drew up another version of The Map Of Shags after that. I never ever saw Zero again, or any of the other poor deluded freaks. I am a suburban fart now. I mow the lawn and see if there's any letters in the box. The mystery of the Open Road doesn't call me anymore. Thank the stars I'm happily married and the "hot sex towns" have dissolved into the bloody Eno's.



"I love Sydney — it's almost impossible to violate local community standards."



Wide Side Mirrors



WHAT A HIDE!

Fashion editor Vitek says, if you're going to be there you'd better go hell for leather.

If you're keen to wear good leather you have to have the right attitude. After all, with tailored trousers at around \$500 a pair and an average good leather jacket at around \$1000, designer leather looks expensive because it is.

Recently developed technology ensures that leather is completely up-to-the-minute. There are embossed textures depicting snakes, lizards, frogs and anything that crawls, "stressing" that cracks the material, sand-blasting that fades it, and now there is even leather that looks like denim. With new softening methods, designers are putting in fashion details that were previously possible only in fabric. Pleats, tucks, tabs and buckles are everywhere.

As always, the vast majority of leather garments available on the market this year are in black, grey and brown. But true to form, Frantik have included in their range a brave collection in bright and even fluoro colours. Perhaps not for the faint-hearted but a great look if you have the hide.



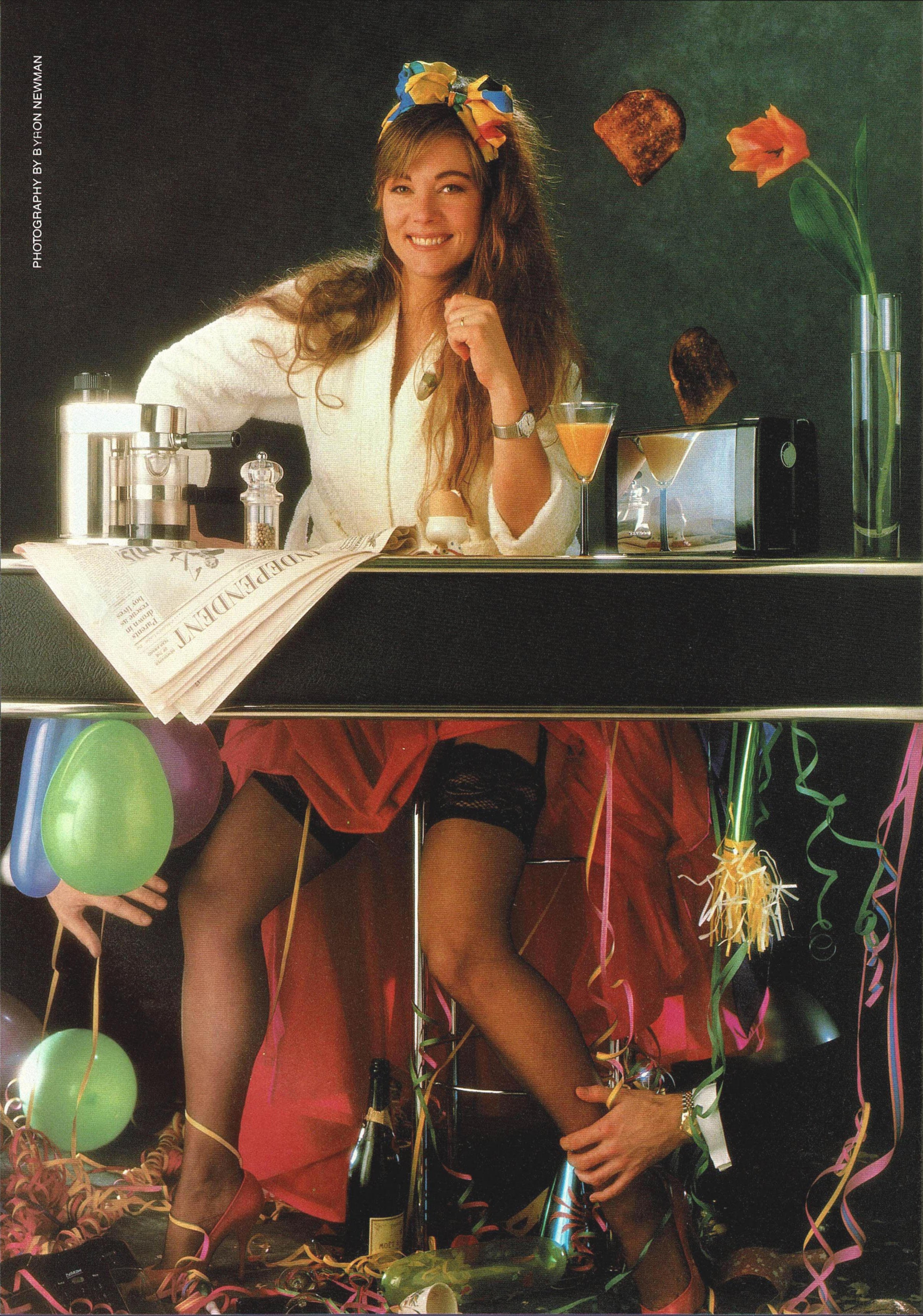
Brighten up your winter in this red Ferrari jacket (the black horse is on the back) from Frantik (\$895). The black, pleated, buckled trousers are from Najee (\$700). Her coordinated green jacket and pants are both from Frantik for \$945 and \$375 respectively. Opposite page: This layered brown idea comes in several prints. Left: The bomber-style jacket in a crocodile print is \$840 and the pants are \$600, both by John Palermo. Right: This jacket has every design detail ever conceived. It's in a sand-blasted finish from Bisonte (\$845). The vest underneath is from Cornelius Furs (\$395).



Black on black on white makes for a great textured look. His trousers are \$695 and the jacket is \$895, from all Najee stores. The vest which sets off the look is from Cornelius Furs for \$450. Her outfit is from Cornelius Furs, by John Palermo (\$1500). Opposite page: This denim look-alike story is from Frantik (\$449) and makes for a great look with jeans. The long coat, a very versatile winter garment, is also from Frantik (\$869). The vest is from Cornelius (\$120) and the sand-blasted grey trousers (\$339) are another Frantik special.



In addition to Najee, Cornelius and Frantik's own outlets, other items mentioned are available from leading boutiques and department stores.



20 QUESTIONS: THERESA RUSSELL

The thinking man's Kathleen Turner talks about playing Marilyn Monroe, marrying Nicolas Roeg and the 10 men she'd most like to screw.

Theresa Russell gives off strong sexual heat and magnificently intelligent performances in interesting films. She is married to film director Nicolas Roeg and lives with him and their two young sons in London. Claudia Dreifus caught up with Russell while the actress was passing through New York City on a recent afternoon. Ms Dreifus reports: "All the men I know are crazy for Theresa Russell — and when you meet her, it's easy to understand why. The woman is bright, sensual, funny — and wonderfully candid. Russell, incidentally, wears black leather mini-dresses better than anyone alive, except Tina Turner."

1.

PLAYBOY: The thing you seem to have in your movies is a quality that says, "I'm sensual, I like being that way, and I'm totally in control of my own sexuality." Is this something you're looking to project?

RUSSELL: [laughs] No. I mean, it's nothing that I work for. If I give off a kind of self-determined sensuality, well, that's just something I happen to have, something nice I was born with, a lucky gift. You know, there have been critics who've accused me of over-playing my sensual side. Well, that's just not true. If the role calls for something else, I'll work against that part of me. Now, a couple of years ago, when I played a Marilyn Monroe-like character in *Insignificance*, of course I tuned up my own qualities — exaggerated them. And if in some of my other films, a sexiness was projected, well, that just happens to be part of who I am. In real life, I am very aware of my own sensuality. And yeah, it is a bit on my own terms.

2.

PLAYBOY: When you played that character in *Insignificance*, did you do much thinking about what guys find sexy?

RUSSELL: Yeah, I even made an experiment to find out more about that. Before the movie, I thought that most guys were turned on by natural-looking women. One afternoon, I decided to go out in the street in my Marilyn-drag and see what kind of an effect it had on men. My platinum blonde hair was teased a mile high, and my make-up was about an inch thick. God, I was the most plastic-looking creature you could ever imagine. Underneath my dress were a pair of artificial breasts the costumer had planted there to make me look enormous. Well, honey, it was something else! Wherever I went, guys did double-takes. They started following me

around; they went crazy. The fact that men looked at me when I was dressed up like that was a shock: I looked like some tart! But then, men still do look at tarts, don't they?

3.

PLAYBOY: In *Insignificance*, your Marilyn made a list of the 10 men in the world she most wanted to sleep with — Albert Einstein being her first choice. Who would be on such a list if Theresa Russell were drafting one for herself?

RUSSELL: Please! I'm a happily married 31-year-old mother of two. I don't have thoughts like that! [laughs] Well, okay, we'll do this as an exercise. Obviously, Nick Roeg is Number One — and that's because he's clearly the guy in the world that I'm attracted to most. Now, about the others, I don't mean this all that seriously, but number two I'd say is Norman Mailer. He's such a tough guy and he's kind of cute. A man's man. I like his work also. I think he's probably a good fuck too. Next on my list is Sam Shepard. He's just the cutest leading man around. Sorry, Jessica. Also, I'd be interested in young Brando. I'm desperately in love with the Brando of *On The Waterfront*. Oh, yeah, like my character in *Insignificance*, I'd like to go to bed with Einstein because, obviously, it would be fun to fuck a genius. Or Mozart — my favorite composer. And Joseph Conrad, my favorite author. After that, John Kennedy. Robert Kennedy. Any Kennedy male, dead or living. The aura around them intrigues me.

4.

PLAYBOY: Rumor has it that John Kennedy was no prize in the sack — a one-poke man. Are you sure you want to leave him on your list?

RUSSELL: No! We'll scratch him off. Besides, we need to put some more living people on this. Let's add Paul Theroux. I know him. He's really cute and neat and a really good writer. Let's see, also Ian Botham. He's really good and plays great cricket. I'm madly in love with him. Also Walt Disney, because he was one of the first men I ever loved — a big Daddy. Also, finally, any Marlboro man. Now, I don't want you to think from this that I just appreciate macho in guys — there are quite a few brains on my list. Gosh, that's more than 10, isn't it?

5.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Roeg?

RUSSELL: Through work, what else? He had come to Hollywood to read actresses for *Bad*

Timing, and I had a million questions and notes for him. Instantly, there was some kind of magic connection. God, I wanted that part like nothing I'd ever wanted in my life, and I managed to get it. Actually, nothing happened between us until later, when we were in Vienna shooting the picture. In Vienna, we'd go out for drinks or dinner a lot. Step by step, things got a little more intense.

After about two or three months, I absolutely knew this was the man for me. It wasn't all that easy being together. He was married. There's a big age difference between us. None of it was all that feasible. But here we are, eight years later: we're really happy, we have two little boys, and we've made four really interesting pictures together.

6.

PLAYBOY: What did you do to make this relationship become "feasible"?

RUSSELL: We went through a long period of indecision about what our future would be. I remember sometime around 1980, after we'd finished shooting *Bad Timing*, things between Nick and me were very on-again-off-again. I was living in New York and Nick was in London cutting the picture. We were flying back and forth. I couldn't stand not seeing him, so one day, on an impulse, without telling him I just got on a plane, took a taxi to Pinewood Studios, and headed straight to the lavatory there. Then, without even thinking about it, I took all my clothes off and I put on my overcoat. After that, I went back to his office, told his secretary that I had to see him. When he got to his private office, I ripped open my coat and we fucked madly for the rest of the day. [laughs] Right there in the office! I mean, I didn't plan this. I had no idea what I would do when I got to London. But it was great.

7.

PLAYBOY: Before Nick Roeg, you lived with a psychoanalyst, right?

RUSSELL: No, I was alone when I met him. I'd been alone for a year at that point. But yes, before that, I lived with a psychotherapist — again, he was a man much older than me. He was an associate of Arthur Janov, the Primal Scream therapist. This was a relationship I had begun when I was 16 and there were some problems between us because of the age difference. By the time I got to making *Bad Timing*, it was interesting to have that relationship in my past. The movie was about a love affair between my character, Milina, and a shrink played by Art

Garfunkel. Given my own experiences, I was able to use a lot of my own life for the characterisation. Now my real-life shrink lover wasn't like the Art Garfunkel character, but there were certain superficial parallels that I was able to bring to my part. Shrinks do try to get into your brain a little too much and mess about with it. They try to manipulate you all the time. In the real-life relationship, I was constantly battling against that, and after a while it was tiring to me. So by the time I got to *Bad Timing*, there were enough experiences in my own background to give me plenty of openings to really identify with Milina. In its own way, acting in *Bad Timing* was an exorcism for me. I needed to get that part of my life dealt with and get on with what was coming next.

8.

PLAYBOY: Donald Sutherland says that Nick Roeg demands total obedience from his actors in his movies, that an actor has to become his total creature. As Roeg's wife and leading lady, do you give him that?

RUSSELL: Yes, but only when our ideas are the same. We do have moments when our ideas clash and we get into our little difficulties then, and yes, it does pose a problem being married to the director. If I'm working in one of Nick's films and I disagree with something he says, I can't exactly just fly off the handle and abuse him in front of the crew. On the other hand, when Donald says that Nick Roeg requires surrender, I agree — and that's okay. Nick has very definite ideas of what he wants and an actor must capitulate to them. Actually, I want to please my director — Nick or whomever — because he's basically using the actors as his brush strokes. It's his canvas.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you take your characters home with you?

RUSSELL: I try not to, though people complain that I do. When I did *The Razor's Edge*, I had a four-month-old baby at home and I had to do a scene where my character loses her husband and her baby. That was very hard. The terrible, horrible feeling that I had to conjure up for my performance was something I couldn't shake for days. I thought about what it would be like to lose my own baby, I put myself into that place, and it was unbearable. The same thing with the rape scene in *Bad Timing*. My character has taken an overdose and has tried to kill herself and she's called the Art Garfunkel character for help. He deliberately waits until she's almost dead to come to her and then, just before she's dead, he fucks her. It's a rape. Rape is a really horrible thing and if you start thinking about how you might feel being raped, well, you can't push it away so easily. After I did that scene, I felt as if I *had* been raped — and also I felt kind of dirty for a long while afterwards.

10.

PLAYBOY: You seem more comfortable than a

lot of actors with doing nude scenes.

RUSSELL: I've never been that modest a person. So I don't have that to overcome.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to achieve a sense of intimacy on a set?

RUSSELL: It's not easy. But it's very controlled. It's one of the *least* horny things you can ever imagine doing. In fact, it's not horny at all — or at least I don't find it horny. They usually clear the set, but there's still the cinematographer and the director and others standing around. The lovemaking is almost choreographed. When you first get on the set, it's tremendously embarrassing. The crew is thinking, "What does she really look like nude?" But then they start shooting you from every angle and everyone loses both their curiosity and their modesty.

12.

PLAYBOY: What's the most interesting thing that's happened to you while doing a nude scene?

RUSSELL: When I was making *Straight Time*, with Dustin Hoffman, we got to the rehearsal and I'm there in my robe and he's there in his underwear and we're going through what was to happen: whether we'd go up and down or sideways, the usual choreography that one works out for those scenes. All of a sudden, I look down and there's this big dildo there! It must have been a hundred feet, or at least twelve inches long and it's sticking out of his underwear. Boy, that broke the tension. You know it's so boring when you do love scenes.

13.

PLAYBOY: Does it help to be attracted to your co-star?

RUSSELL: That's *totally* unnecessary! You're an actress, for Chrissake, you act. A lot of times, when you see a love scene between two people who are really having an affair, it usually is, like, stinko. They're mooning over each other and there's all that crap in the scene that doesn't work and that isn't necessary. Real sexual chemistry doesn't matter in a movie. Sometimes it's even destructive to the film.

14.

PLAYBOY: Does Nick get jealous when you do nude scenes?

RUSSELL: Not if they're in his films. Interestingly, he doesn't like it in other people's films. My position is that I will do a nude scene if I feel it's non-exploitative and that's that. If Nick's reaction is just personal jealousy, I'll say, "I feel I have to do this and you'll just have to live with it." I mean, he's just finished making a film called *Castaway*, and his two leading characters were nude for most of it. I wasn't thrilled with him being away and the leading lady having her tits out all the time.

15.

PLAYBOY: Can it be that Theresa Russell is a jealous woman?

RUSSELL: I'm very jealous and possessive. And I don't apologise for it. It's a part of passion, and life. Jealousy is one of the main emotions. Now, when Nick went off to do *Castaway*, I had to accept that, even though I was jealous as all hell. It all goes two ways. He has to accept certain things about me when I go off to do a film. I'm not talking about being promiscuous when you're on location. But you develop a kind of emotional intimacy with the director and the other actors.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest thing you've ever had to do for a part?

RUSSELL: That scene in *Bad Timing*, where I had to get dressed up in a very weird outfit and basically cut the nuts off Art Garfunkel's character. My character is screaming: "Is this what you want?" Also, in *Eureka*, I got dressed up in a solid gold bikini. That was pretty strange.

17.

PLAYBOY: The character played by Rutger Hauer in that movie looks at you in that outfit and says, "You look fantastic." Did you feel fantastic?

RUSSELL: Sure. Once I was over the embarrassment of it. I mean, sure, I *like* dressing up. I prefer it in the privacy of my own bedroom, of course. I see nothing wrong with men and women dressing up for each other and having fun. As long as nobody gets hurt and everyone agrees with whatever is happening and there's no element of humiliation, why not? I think in sex, it's probably healthy. And it has nothing to do with being an actor. Every woman should be able to do that.

18.

PLAYBOY: Any personal preferences in outfits?

RUSSELL: I'm keen on suspender belts and stockings and nice, push-up bras. A little G-string, maybe. That *always* is fun.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the funniest thing that's happened to you making a movie?

RUSSELL: This didn't happen on camera. But in *The Last Tycoon*, I had to laugh hysterically when my father's secretary falls out of the closet. I was drying up and I couldn't do it. So I said to Robert Mitchum, who played my father, "When you come out of the bathroom, do something funny to make me laugh. Tell a joke or make a face or do something." So on cue, he opened the door, came out of the bathroom and chucked a brown eye at me!

20.

PLAYBOY: How did his butt look? Droopy?

RUSSELL: He looks great! I mean, he'll probably look great until he drops dead.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KELLY

MICHELLE, MA BELLE

Our Michelle was born on 28 November 1965, and a few weeks later the Beatles' Michelle was top of the hit parade. Coincidence?



"It must be," laughs Michelle. "Nobody ever expected I would grow up the way I have, let alone pose for *Playboy*. . . I was a thin little sprite." Two shiny eyes enquire whether I believe her. "My mother always says that I was very sweet, easily pleased. I can't remember that. I do know that I was very shy and prudish. That lasted until I was 17. Suddenly I changed. I started speaking up for myself. I became much more self-confident, perhaps because I developed physically. I was no longer that thin little sprite. The funny thing was that people's reactions to me changed. . . People's first impressions of me are usually wrong. I seem reserved. But when they get to know me a bit better, then. . . yes, then they realise that I can be a serious young woman, who also wants to enjoy life."





"Yes, I like partying. And to me, that means dancing. Arrive late, because nothing starts until then, and come home very late. I go out to have a good time, not to sit still. I prefer to dance to Lionel Richie, George Michael or to a heavy disco-funk beat. When I dance I completely trust my emotions, just like I trust my emotions when I meet a nice boy. I meet people easily, so I have a lot of friends. No, not a regular boyfriend, but a few good friends whom I trust completely. I don't necessarily go for handsome men. I don't think of myself as beautiful either, but everybody has got something that appeals to somebody.

"When I meet a nice boy anything can happen. It depends on my mood, of course. Sometimes I only chat a little, perhaps I might flirt a bit. . . Yes, and another time you might end up in bed together. That's normal, don't you think?



"I like romantic circumstances... dimmed lights, a hot blazing open fire. Or with a boyfriend on a tropical beach together. . . I really hate people who need to lure somebody different into their bed every week. That's no challenge. I quite like it when it requires some effort.

"As far as my future is concerned, the past two years so much has happened. I was in Nice during the filming of *Jewel Of the Nile*. I was even a stand-in for Kathleen Turner. Sadly you don't see much of me in the film, but it was a nice experience. Now I'm trying to establish myself as a model. I couldn't work in an office, I'm too energetic, I need to move. I hope to advance my career with these photos in *Playboy*. When you look through this magazine you realise that not just anybody gets to pose for it. *Playboy* is a glossy magazine and I, just like everybody, I assume, like a bit of gloss. If possible I want to enjoy life."



TIMBER (continued from page 40)

Senator Richardson has been nicknamed "The Slug" and threats have been made to shoot him if he comes back.

The proposed World Heritage region comprises the lowland coastal corridor and tableland plateau rainforests stretching between Townsville and Cooktown. Listed as the Wet Tropics of North-East Queensland, the forest region is considered to meet the criteria of the World Heritage Convention, an international organisation supported by 95 countries, with a commitment to "ensure that natural and cultural heritage of outstanding universal value to the whole world is conserved for all time".

Statistics abound to support varying perspectives. Each set of figures is invariably denied or disputed by the other side. The Queensland government states that the total area of rainforest between Townsville and Cooktown is 856,700 hectares, of which 94.6 percent is Crown Land. Of that Crown Land 52.7 percent is State Forest or Timber Reserve which is not available for logging, 23.2 percent is National Park, and the remaining 18.7 percent is the only actual area which can be used for logging. The timber industry claims that a sustained yield is possible within that 18.7 percent allowable area, and that the federal government should immediately release it from the Heritage listing.

Dr Aila Keto, secretary of the Rainforest Conservationist Society of Queensland, says that the sustained yield concept is nonsense. Dr Keto, a long-time campaigner for rainforest conservation, and recent recipient of the BHP Award for Excellence in Environment, said that because the actual 18.7 percent is distributed over a wide area in a mosaic pattern of small pockets, no timber mill could exist on a sustained yield program. "The Forestry Department should not propagate such a belief," she said. "The department has been very secretive in the past over forestry management, and the plain fact is that the timber industry has been declining for a number of years. Mill closures and unemployment are being blamed on World Heritage now, but they have been happening for decades. Ravenshoe and the timber industry were doomed anyway, but it behaves us all to be compassionate over these events."

Although Ravenshoe is not in John Gayler's electorate, he is well and truly copping his share of the flak. Current opinion is that he will lose his seat at the next election as a result of a backlash against Labor. "Rubbish," he says, "the National Party spent half a million dollars trying to unseat me in the last federal election. They couldn't do it then, and they certainly won't do it next time."

All that aside, the people of Ravenshoe can

feel the noose tightening. They feel that they have become pawns in a game beyond their control, and their only chance is a last desperate fight to negate the World Heritage listing. Over 5000 letters to UNESCO and the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN) have gone out through NORMA's Cairns office requesting that the nomination be rejected next December on the grounds that it discriminates against residents and industries of North Queensland, and that the federal government has not conducted proper scientific assessment of a management plan.

Ravenshoe timbermen refute the assertion that the rainforests are threatened by their activities. Philip Condon, a fourth generation timber cutter, and his father Cec are contract cutters to APS mill. They are tough, no-nonsense men who see things in black and white. They've been in Ravenshoe a long time, they like what they're doing, and they're not going anywhere. "They think we're hillbillies in Canberra," says Philip, "but the real down-to-earth Australians will support us in the long run. We work seven days a week, daylight to dark, and we're standing up for what Australia should be all about — the right to own land, and the right to make a living off the land."

Cec Condon is a slow-talking bushman with a deadpan sense of humor. He's also a crack rifle shot, having once scored 10 bull's-eyes in a row over a thousand yards in a national competition. Local legend has it that Cec gave *60 Minutes* Ian Leslie a "ticking-off" for picking up his pocket knife without permission, and another time he told an Australian director working with a French camera crew, "You must be going bloody bad for a job to work with this mob." Cec reckons he's been around long enough to speak his mind. "We don't free-fall the scrub like city people think we do," he says. "The farmers did all the clearing in the early days. We'd be mugs to cut down and destroy our livelihood, wouldn't we? After 100 years we've still got plenty of scrub — and what's been logged is still bloody good enough to be included in the World Heritage listing."

At APS mill the atmosphere is tense. The media have been "all over the place like a rash", but the timber workers say their message is not being heard. APS employs 77 workers, and has enough logs stockpiled to continue operations until June. After that, it's curtains for the mill men.

Although the federal government has promised assistance to the mill by way of a retooling program, enabling the mill to process plantation pine logs, manager John

Baxter is not holding his breath. "The proposal is a load of rubbish," he says. "For one thing there isn't enough pine to sustain a competitive operation, and the federal government doesn't own the plantations anyway — the Queensland government does. In any case, there's no way I could keep all my men working. The government is talking in riddles." Already, some of Baxter's key workers have left since logging was halted on December 11. "You can't blame them," Baxter said. "They took the opportunity to get out before the death knock. They are the lucky ones."

In March 1987, the owners of APS, a multinational company named Placer Exploration Pty Ltd, sold out to a local consortium. John Baxter is a member of that group, and now part-owner of the mill. It was incredibly bad timing, and quite a few Ravenshoe cynics are wondering what Placer knew that they didn't. In any case, Baxter and his associates are stuck with a timber mill, and a big headache.

The mill workers themselves don't put much faith in compensation. So far, there's only been talk and no action. They're mostly born and bred locals, with mortgage commitments, and no other skills to draw on. They're timbermen, they say, and they're not looking forward to life on the dole. Where do we go, they say, when timber bites the dust like mining did at nearby Mt Garnet? There's talk that the government will retrain them for jobs in the tourist industry. They have a good laugh over that one. Timbermen just don't see themselves as rainforest guides and bus drivers.

Raymond Graham has been doing a bit of reading lately, and he reckons there's an international conspiracy behind Labor and the greens. "You can't trust Bob Hawke for one thing," he says. "Hawke's in the Fabian Society, and he's trying to bring communism into this country. Richardson is another one. We asked him if he was in the Fabian Society, and he said, 'No — not yet.' You can't trust the bastards."

Secret societies and international conspiracies are serious debating topics in Ravenshoe. The Fabian Society is regarded as a sinister organisation with evil intent. Although few know much about the society, Fabianism is reckoned to be a low form of order if Hawke is a member. Rumors are rife that the Fabians are in cahoots with the World Bank and socialism to control the world's rainforests, thus gaining a powerful influence over selected governments. World Heritage, they say, is just another arm of the grand conspiracy.

Ravenshoe businessman Grahame West claims that when American banker David Rockefeller was in Cairns a few years ago to attend the World Wilderness Congress, he did a secret deal with Bob Hawke to lock up Australia's rainforests in exchange for a cut in the national debt. "The mega-rich tycoons of the world are worried for the first time, because they've realised forests are the lungs of the world, and if you take away the forests,



Mostly born-and-bred locals, the timbermen are not looking forward to life on the dole.



Enzo Pegoraro of the Club Hotel: his takings are down \$1000 per week on average.

you take away air. They're worried about basic survival." West has drafted an 8 page letter to Rockefeller, advising him that locking up a 33 million dollar industry which doesn't threaten the rainforest is not good economic sense. West has offered to meet Rockefeller anywhere in the world to discuss the issue.

Grand conspiracies make interesting conversation, but at grass-roots level it's small-business economics which has people worried in Ravenshoe. Bill Manning's engineering workshop trading figures dropped \$6000 in the first three months after World Heritage listing was announced. A relative newcomer to the town, Manning borrowed heavily to buy land and build the workshop, seeing a good future for himself and his wife and four children. "Six months after we put our necks on the line, they took the timber industry away from us," he said. "Most of my work comes from maintenance of logging machinery, but the timber contractors are either doing the work themselves, or not bothering. What will they need machinery for if the listing goes through? Everybody in town owes money."

There isn't a business in town that isn't feeling the slump effects of World Heritage. The two words have become synonymous with disaster. John Sheppard has owned the Ravenshoe newsagency since 1970 and grew up in the nearby township of Millaa Millaa, so he reckons he's near enough to being a local. At 55 he says he's too old to relocate and start again, so he's caught on the downhill slide. "Richardson said his government would help establish a tourist industry in Ravenshoe," he said, "but 90 percent of all visitors come here to look through the sawmill. I've got thousands of postcards in my shop which I won't be able to sell — because they all feature the mill. It's the biggest drawcard in town, and if they close it down we just won't get tourists. You know, it's a funny thing. I've spent all my life in this part of the world, and every so often somebody comes along and says, 'All the rainforest will be gone in 10 years.' Well, it hasn't happened and it never will."

Enzo and Millie Pegoraro have owned the Club Hotel for 21 years, and now they want to retire. The only thing is, nobody wants to buy a pub in Ravenshoe. Enzo had a buyer lined up but the deal fell through as soon as

the Heritage nomination was announced. Now his takings are down \$1000 per week on an average, and soon he'll be laying off staff. "Ravenshoe is dead — or soon will be. Maybe Mr Richardson will buy my pub, eh?" Enzo roared with laughter at the prospect. "If he did, he'd get plenty of customers the first day, but on the second day he wouldn't be around to serve anybody."

Bank manager David West is trying hard to be optimistic, but agrees there is a "noticeable" downturn in the economy. "If things get worse and small businesses and householders can't service their loans, the bank would have to look at foreclosing their assets," he said, "but we would only do that as a last resort."

Probably the most confusing aspect of the World Heritage furore is the drafting of the boundaries. Bill Eaton, the sitting state member for Mourilyan, which takes in Ravenshoe, is a Labor politician of the old school, and an ex-timber cutter himself. He's a supporter of World Heritage, but not in its present form. "I am on the side of the people of Ravenshoe," he says. "I have stated publicly on more than one occasion that the World Heritage area is far too large, and if the government sticks to the present boundaries, then I will oppose the listing."

They think Bill Eaton is a good bloke in Ravenshoe, but it's a pity he's a Labor man, because the next time around the votes will go against him.

Eaton is not surprised to hear that statement. "World Heritage will bounce back on me," he said, "but I don't hold it against the people of Ravenshoe, because in their place I'd do exactly the same thing. The federal government has made a mess of the whole affair. They've made dogmatic decisions, and now they've painted themselves into a corner. They only ever listened to the conservationists. What annoys me as a Labor MP is that I was never at any stage asked for input, or invited for discussions. I was bred with timber, and I'm one of the very few politicians who knows anything about it."

Senator Richardson has been nicknamed "The Slug" and threats have been made to shoot him if he comes back. He's regarded as a paid lackey doing a dirty job for political gain. The people of Ravenshoe want to speak to Bob Hawke in person, but they don't think he has the guts to face them. The fight against World Heritage listing has been long and hard and the people are weary, but they dare not relax the pressure now. They will win, they say. World Heritage will be defeated.

Ravenshoe has its back to the wall, but refuses to die. It's a limbo town on the brink of economic and social disaster, and its future looks bleak. But there's a spirit of survival among its people which will take the battle to the final round.



SMOOTH DEALS ON UPMARKET WHEELS

Writer **PHIL ACKMAN** decides to buy his first expensive car. He engages a "prestige car consultant", but becomes bogged in a grease and oil exchange.

LISTEN, EVERYBODY DREAMS of their first real car, a throbbing headturner, with dooskin leather seats, electric windows and a couple of tailpipes to deposit a genteel growl on the highway behind. But for the most part, self-delusion is as close as you ever get as you scramble into the leatherette interior of your Nissan Pulsar or your Turbo Laser. It'll do 0-100 in nine seconds but it's still got a bakelite fascia and an Axminster boot.

It's luxury at a price — your last, boyish, \$400-a-month fling on the way through to a station wagon with a column shift and a couple of child restraints on the back seat.

True luxury — growling, big-ticket, real leather luxury with a walnut dash — has slipped away. It might have shimmered on the edge of your pay packet for a while but for most of us it disappeared behind the mounding dunes of consumer credit, Bank-card payments and a new fridge.

Not even starting your own business can pole-vault you over the holding yards of rust-proofed Astras, Ming-finished Ford Falcons and Holden Berlinas with limited slip diff.

Or so I thought. Until one day about three months back, when from the lofty — and I suspect, temporary — altitude of my new-found finances I was able to observe that luxury cars weren't that expensive after all. Hell, I could afford \$80, \$90,000 for a decent set of wheels.

Looking back now I can see I was demented at the time: barking mad to imagine that I could enter the world of legitimate non-bakelite-fascia prestige motoring and emerge intact at the other end of my experience. Like a first-home buyer who sticks his hand up at a central business district real estate auction, I was bound to get hurt.

Though not on that glorious summer Saturday as I motored down Melbourne's Princes Highway to Galaxy Motors (not their real name), the unlikely car-yard home of a

petrel-blue Mercedes 380 SL sports.

Nor later that same afternoon when I zipped the heavy sports car through a line of traffic and on to a nearby freeway, one buttock of Galaxy's sales manager clinging precariously to the \$86,000 Mercedes' tiny rear seat.

Nor even that night when I prised from the motoring pages of that day's *Age* the identity of a prestige vehicle finance consultant, whom we shall call Donald Coleman.

"I'll certainly look into that vehicle for you, Mr Ackman, and I'll be back to you with the figures later this evening," the syrup-tongued Mr Coleman volunteered.

Several hours later Mr Coleman confirmed his efficiency: "I've made some enquiries about that vehicle, Phil. . . ." The Christian name slipped out effortlessly, though uninvited. We were on first name terms now. At least he was.

" . . . and I wouldn't let you buy that car. I'm not satisfied with its background."

Fair enough, I nodded. He was my prestige finance consultant after all and if Mr Coleman (I couldn't bring myself to call him Donald) wouldn't let me buy that car, then I would just have to look for another one.

I was upmarket now. One dealt with one's colleagues in a far more sophisticated manner. Donald Coleman was on my team. He was a good guy.

At quarter to eight the next morning the phone rang. It was Donald Coleman.

"I've found three cars for you," he began without preamble. "There's an '83 green 380 SL in Sydney, ambertex seats, 37K on the clock. The car's \$105,000. I've also got an '82 red one in Wollongong with ambertex seats and 45K on it. That one's \$105,000. And I've got an '82 red one in Brisbane with 49 on the clock and ambertex seats for \$105,000."

"Hmm, they all seem to be \$105,000," I observed.

I sensed Donald Coleman stiffen at the other end of the phone. Was I baulking at

such a piffling price? Surely not!

"Tell me," I ventured into the lengthening silence (I was in error here and I deserved to be chastised), "ambertex seats. Is that leather?"

"Leather look," he answered. "Better than the real thing. Can't tell them apart."

It was around this time I began to wonder whether my qualifications to join the prestige car market were up to scratch. A hundred and five thousand dollars was a lot of money where I came from. Some people — desperately poor people to be sure — bought houses for \$105,000 in which they raised families and lived out their lives.

And for 105,000 bucks, what was I going to get? Imitation leather seats.

In a stew of self-doubt I heard myself agreeing to Donald Coleman's smooth self-invitation to pop over at three the next afternoon and discuss the finances.

I spent the morning furiously tidying the house. Business, unaccountably, had slowed down. I selected my best pair of Italian tailored slacks and soft leather slip-ons. I clipped my beard, toyed with a cravat (it had been in the wardrobe for years) and finally settled on a Henry Bucks open neck shirt.

At precisely three (actually he was a couple of minutes late) a blood-red Mercedes 380 SL sports car entered the street. Behind the wheel the immaculately coiffed visage of Donald Coleman. His hair was silver-white with a slight wave. He wore worsted slacks and a blue and white pencil striped business shirt. He oozed prestige, class and money.

I ushered him inside, apologising for the muddy mark the dog had left on the carpet. Like two old friends we sat in comfortable chairs across a coffee table. He produced a business card and flicked it on to the table between us. It read:

DONALD COLEMAN
TRACEY SILK

PRESTIGE CONSULTANTS

and gave an address (complete with fax 95

number and car telephone) in a leafy inner suburb.

He reached into a crocodile skin attache case and his slim, tapered fingers emerged with about three feet of computer print-out.

Fear welled into my mouth as I focussed on the monthly repayments which commenced at \$1775 and proceeded unaccountably in years 4 and 5 to an astonishing \$2800 a month.

"Twenty-eight hundred dollars," I said, hardly aware that I was speaking out loud. I wanted prestige alright but I knew now for certain that I couldn't afford it.

"I wouldn't let you stay in the car that long," he said, for once catching my mood. "I pull all my clients out," he tapped the computer calculations on the table before us, "when this tells me to."

I had a sudden vision of some bright summer day in the future: me in a pair of board shorts, a picnic hamper in the boot of my Merc Sports which is idling in the driveway. Suddenly the phone rings.

"It's a Mr Coleman on the phone, darling. He says he wants the car back straight away."

Did I want to surrender that much control of my life to a man in partnership with Tracey Silk?

Later, leaning carefully against the mud-guard of his Mercedes, I pursued my prestige dream to its end.

"Tell me, Don," I said, (we were after all old friends), "all these vehicles in Sydney and Brisbane and Wollongong. How does one go about getting them from A to B?"

"We truck 'em," he replied. "Of course, they're filthy when they get here but I know a place where I get them tidied up for \$300."

My decision was made. I had entered the world of prestige and found it wanting. A man with a crocodile skin attache case was going to sell me a car with fake leather seats for \$105,000 and then deliver it filthy dirty except he knew a guy who'd wash it for \$300. That might even have been Tracey Silk's job for all I knew.

I bought a Jag. A red one. '84. With real leather seats and a walnut dash. It cost me 50 grand and I regretted every dollar two hours after I picked it up.

I was in a tight spot in a big car. Suddenly becalmed, halfway through an intersection, the 4.2 litre-engined lemon flatly refused to restart. When I opened the bonnet, the spark plugs were swimming in oil. I'm no mechanic but to me the Jag was shaping up as trouble.

"Mr Coleman," I imagined myself phoning from the nearest coinbox, "I betrayed you. I went prestige solo, without authority, without you, my guide, my shepherd. And now I am paying the price of my sin. I have failed at success."

Instead I phoned the salesman who had sold me the car and it was repaired.

The following day I found myself in a tight spot in a big car. Suddenly becalmed halfway through an intersection, the 4.2 litre-engined lemon flatly refused to restart.

I tacked to the far side of the intersection and with the tears rolling down my damp cheeks on to the doeskin leather upholstery and splashing against the knob that sets the climate control, I prayed to the heavenly mechanic that my big, red Jag would come to life.

It was a tough housing commission area and a small crowd of schoolchildren gathered to watch my efforts in detached silence.

Each time I spun the starter motor, clouds of acrid smoke belched from the twin chrome exhausts. There was an overwhelming stench of unburned petrol. When I got out to investigate, raw fuel dripped from the tail pipes and puddled underneath the fully independent suspension just in front of the Pirelli P5 130 mile per hour (200km/h)-rated radial tyres.

With the mighty battery heart of the Jag dying, I activated the central locking system and ran to the nearest phone. A dealer mechanic was despatched, a callow 18-year-old youth. My eyes empty of hope, I tripped the bonnet catch just beneath the walnut dash and hovered around the perimeter of the car awaiting the verdict.

Presently he lifted his head. A dribble of grease daubed one cheek.

"Well, it's one of four or five things," he said.

"Doesn't sound very precise," I ventured, trying not to antagonise him.

"They're a very complicated motor," he replied. "Sometimes we never discover what the problem is. We just take 'em apart and put them back together until they go."

A small animal cry escaped my lips. Donald Coleman who art forsaken, forgive me for I have sinned.

A flat-top truck was despatched to the scene. Its large, tattooed driver winched my car up on to the tray.

"You must meet a lot of Jags," I tossed with bitter, black humor.

"Yep." There wasn't a trace of pity on his face.

The following day I phoned the service centre. I felt like a gay activist enquiring after the results of his blood test.

"The red Jag," I said, "figure out what was wrong?"

"Sorry, mate, which one was it?"

I repeated my question, the panic rising in my throat.

"Water temperature sensor. It's fine now."

That night the phone rang: "Mr Ackman (we were back to formal), I've found the perfect car. '84 model, red 380 SL with ambertex seats and 24K on the clock. It's \$135,000."

I drew a deep breath. "Don," I said, "We're going to have to draw the line somewhere," and hung up.

I never heard from him again.

PS. I've had the Jag a month now. How much oil did they say was left in Bass Strait?

PPS. I love the car.

YOUNG?

(continued from page 58)

English. "Take the treatment, you weel love eet."

Has any of his patients ever developed cancer from the injections? "No!" Has anybody ever died from an allergic reaction? "No!"

"One thing has occurred to me," I say, "and it's this. Why sheep? I mean, moral and ethical considerations aside, if sheep embryo cells are good, wouldn't human-embryo cells be even better?"

"Oh, sure," says Edde. "Niehans did that een the beginning — a dead baby, of course — but babies are not so easy to get, so the sheep ees much better. Eet ees the same thing."

We question him further, but my mind has been made up. I glance at Suzanne.

"We would like to take the injections," I say. Suzanne seems surprised but agreeable.

"Excellent," says Edde. "We weel make a reservation for you next wek."

"No, this week," I say. "Tomorrow morning."

"Oh, ho, I am sorry," says Edde. "Eet ees much too late for tomorrow. Eef they had told me you weeshed to take the treatment tomorrow, we would have made the space. They said you had decided not to do eet. Just now, we have nothing. Twenty-seven patients — we are completely full. I am sorry."

I am crushed. So, it turns out, is Suzanne. In that moment, we realise that the only thing we ever truly wished to do in our lives was to take sheep shots. Since we can't, we will surely shrivel up, age prematurely and die shortly after leaving here. There is no greater disappointment than being told you can't have permission to do something you weren't sure you wanted to do in the first place.

At 6.30 on Thursday morning, a cab picks me up in front of the hotel. The driver is a woman of about 80. She knows the clinic well — Marlene Dietrich went there many times, she says. Also Noel Coward. (Marlene and Noel, but not I.) Would she herself take the shots? No, she says, she hates doctors.

I arrive at the clinic at 6.50am. A nurse leads me into an ante-room and has me change into a green scrub gown, a shower cap, a surgical mask and blue, plastic booties.

I'm led to a window through which I can see the small operating room. It has green tiled walls, a green-draped operating table, a huge, powerful surgical light overhead. Along the right wall are four blue cubicles. There are six people in the room. All wear dark-green surgical gowns, light-green surgical masks, white surgical gloves, white Dutch clogs and shower caps. Four of them sit in the cubicles; two of them stand at the operating table.

It's hard to recognise people who are

wearing surgical masks and shower caps, but eventually, I make out two people I already know — seated in the cubicles are Eckert and Fontaine. An elderly doctor and a young nurse are bent over the small charcoal-brown body of a dead lamb foetus.

An incision has been made in its belly, and shiny red-and-pink organs spill out of the cavity. There's a flat, shiny pinkish organ next to the lamb that I assume to be its mother's placenta. The nurse and the doctor are carefully cutting off the top of the lamb's skull with surgical scissors. I'm suddenly glad I didn't eat before leaving the hotel.

The doctor and the nurse remove brains, entrails and whatnot from the lamb and deposit each organ in separate glass Petri dishes, which are immediately whisked to the technicians in the cubicles. They take each organ out of the dishes and carefully cut it into small pieces, then pass them through a strainer.

The pulverised organs are placed in other Petri dishes in clear fluid and are then drawn into large sterile syringes. Depending upon the type of liquefied organ each contains, the contents of the syringes are either pinkish, purplish or reddish. The technicians consult forms taped to the sides of their cubicles for the number of syringes of each type of cell required by each patient. There is about 10cc of liquid in each syringe, which is a good-sized injection for a horse, to say nothing of a human.

A nurse periodically gathers up loads of filled syringes from each technician's cubicle and, noting their type, carefully arranges them in stainless steel trays — one tray for each patient at the clinic. But not for me.

After observing this scene for about 45 minutes, I withdraw and join Jean-Pierre in his office for breakfast.

I ask him about the elderly man at the operating table. The man, he says, is Dr Bernard Bovet, who is 87 and has been working at the clinic since he was a mere lad of 66. Dr Bovet drives a Jaguar and owns a chateau in which he lives all year round except in the winter. The chateau, built in 1300 and modernised in the 1700s, is too expensive to heat, so in the winter Bovet lives at the clinic.

He has had the shots six or seven times, says Jean-Pierre, but he sometimes denies it. Bovet has told Jean-Pierre that when he can no longer drive his Jaguar nor perform the Thursday-morning operations at the clinic, life will no longer be worth living.

Later on Thursday, I drop by May Pai's room. She had the shots this morning and is apparently in pain. She is now able to sit on her buttocks but has trouble walking. She bounds out of bed to demonstrate her pain. She is wearing a pink shorty nightgown.

May says that she had one shot to begin with then 12 more. It was very painful at first, though not unbearable, and better by afternoon. She thinks they gave her the shots too rapidly, which makes her worry that she didn't get all the cells she is paying for.

I say she seems rather young to be getting the shots. How old is she — about 30? She giggles, blushes and covers her face with her hands. About 30, she says.

On Friday, I ask the receptionist to ring May Pai and ask her if I can drop in. She says to wait five minutes. I go up in five minutes and she is wearing a smart Chanel dress and heels — a sharp contrast to yesterday's nightie.

She's obviously feeling better today. Less pain in her buttocks and she can walk with no problem. She demonstrates. No complaints at all, then? "Nervous pain in back and throat, but no problem," she assures me.

She has become concerned that none of the doctors she has talked with here have taken the shots: "If so good, why they no take? If we take injekashun, why they no take?"

I corroborate the fact: Jean-Pierre has told me that only four of the clinic's 45 employees have taken the shots.

May Pai has become concerned that none of the doctors she's talked to have taken the shots. "If we take injekashun, why they no take?"

Three doctors — Edde, Eckert and a woman, Dr Studer — arrive to check on May's condition and kick me out. I wait outside the door and hear her ask why they have not taken any injections. I hear Dr Studer say, "I'm still young," and Eckert say, "I just started working here."

When the doctors leave, we continue our chat. "Western people eat too much fat, too much meat, too much chocolate, too much sweet, too much fry food," she says. "Western woman, she get to be 30, her neck get like chicken and she get very fat. Oriental woman not get so change. Why? Western people very stupid eating culture. Vegetable and fish good for healthy and fruits. I do slowly jogging. Just take injekashun not enough. If we always worry and angry and not happy, then we get old and die at once. If our spirit good, our cells become healthy."

Late Friday night, Suzanne and I are with Jean-Pierre in the bar of the Hazyland Disco, and Suzanne asks a question that has been nagging her. What if none of the three pregnant sheep they kill each week are found to have male foetuses — where would the clinic get the testicles it needed for the men who wanted injections of the testicle cells?

"Only two of the sheep they kill are pregnant females," says Jean-Pierre. "The third is an adult male."

But we had been led to believe that they

inject cells only from lamb foetuses, because foetuses don't yet have antibodies that the human body may reject.

"Cells of the testicles from the adult ram," says Jean-Pierre, "just happen to be the one type of adult-sheep cells that the human body doesn't reject."

On Monday, May is feeling good. "There is no more pain," she says, pointing to her buttocks. "Only today and yesterday, I get very tired."

She says that when she returns to the Orient, she'll ask her doctor if cellular therapy "is true or they only do to make money". I ask why she's having second thoughts now instead of before taking the shots. "I think I am very stupid now to worry after injekashun not before," she says. "You very wise to worry first." Maybe.

Tomorrow is Tuesday, the day we and all the patients go home. I'd asked to sample what the patients eat, so tonight, we have dinner on the terrace of the clinic with Jean-Pierre, Pierre, the acupuncturist, and Christine, the head housekeeper, who, before coming to work at the clinic, was an architect in Lebanon.

Appropriately, the main dish tonight is lamb. Also on the menu are carrot juice, zucchini, St Pierre (a fish) in watercress sauce and *roshti* (Swiss hashbrowns). Everything is tasty, and as the wine begins to flow, everyone becomes extremely animated and funny. It has grown so dark on the terrace we can no longer see one another's faces, and we are sad to have to leave.

Upon our return home, I try to evaluate all I have experienced.

It impressed me that almost everyone with whom I talked who has taken the treatment was peppy, energetic and youthful. It is probable that a place such as Clinique La Prairie simply attracts people more energetic and youthful than in the general population to begin with (certainly, it attracts those more affluent), and that may be one reason its patients seem so perky.

It is hard to know what difference the therapy actually makes. From meeting the staff at Clinique La Prairie, I think most of them believe the treatment works. From meeting the patients, I think most of them believe it works, as well. Until Christiaan Barnard completes the research that will be accepted by the scientific community, it's not possible to say much more than that.

After much agonising soul-searching, Suzanne and I have decided to join the 55-year procession of movie stars, popes, prime ministers, imams, princes and importers of chemicals that clean the boilers of utility companies. We are definitely (well, almost definitely) going back to Clinique La Prairie in two (well, possibly three) months to take the sheep shots. If we do, I promise to let you know how it all turned out.



18-footers: Being successful in the sport means admitting you are an adrenalin junkie.

the winner another New Zealand boat, *Manu*, which finished second in the series.

Swinbourne appealed against the decision and returned home before his appeal was heard. He claimed he had been deliberately provoked and took the trophy back home to Australia with him.

The appeal was never heard and *Manu* is still recorded as the 1939 world champion. The only problem for the New Zealanders was that Swinbourne still had the trophy and refused to give it up.

World War II intervened before the dispute was settled and for the next six years the J.J. Giltinan trophy remained unopened in a cardboard box in the pantry of Swinbourne's Mascot home. It was finally returned to the NSW Eighteen-Footers Sailing Club in 1945.

Today's sailors are little different to Swinbourne. The boats they sail may be infinitely more sophisticated than that which Swinbourne sailed, but the sailors themselves are every bit as committed to their class as Swinbourne ever was.

One such sailor, Jeremy Sharp, even migrated to Australia from England to service his addiction to 18-footers. Sharp, now the skipper of *Ericsson*, was introduced to the class in 1978 by Murray and another former world champion, Peter Sorensen. Sorensen and Murray met Sharp in England during the 1978 world titles at Plymouth. They preached the gospel of 18-footers to Sharp and he bought an old skiff to compete in that series before visiting Australia for the first time the following year.

Sharp is now a permanent resident and one of the better known and most competitive skippers in the 18-footer fleet. So competitive is he that, rather than obey an arcane section of sailing law and give way, he collided with Sorensen in a twilight race earlier this year.

He says he migrated here simply because he wanted to sail 18-footers. "There is so much better sailing here than in England," he says. "I had a pretty good time when I first came here and generally enjoyed the atmosphere. There must have been a certain amount of the Australian larrikin in me that I didn't know about. You could say that I fitted into the Australian scene pretty easily." To him the incident earlier this year with Sorensen, the man who introduced him to the sport, is typical of the way 18-footers are sailed.

"Sorensen and I are good friends, but once you're on the water there is no quarter given at all. It's just too frenetic out there and it's such a high-adrenalin sport that you don't have time for anything else. It's like being a racing driver. You've got to be calm when

you're out there but you've also got to have plenty of fire. Eighteen-footers do bring out the aggression in you."

According to Sharp, an engineer and boat-builder, the competition to be had in 18-footers is like nothing else in any other class in the world. To him, being successful in the sport means admitting that you are an adrenalin junkie.

"When I first came out here I was just working to support my habit until I got a proper job," he said.

Sorensen is imbued with a similar spirit. Now 46 and a respectable suburban solicitor, Sorensen is regarded as one of the hardest competitors in the class and, depending on who you talk to or who he has just beaten, every inch an old "bastard" on the water.

Having sailed and won titles in just about every other smaller class of skiff, Sorensen is now regarded as one of the major champions of the sport after 11 seasons of competitive 18-footer sailing. The skipper of the successful BNZ skiff, or "the BNZ Racing Team" as he playfully describes it, he is so addicted to the class that earlier this year he shelved retirement plans to have "just one more season".

"There is no doubt that they are the most difficult and most physical boats to sail in the world. The blokes you get out there have to have such a high degree of skill to keep them upright, let alone sail them well," he says. "I've been placed in either NSW or Australian titles in every boat I've ever sailed, but everyone who has ever sailed a centre-board boat in Sydney should at some stage try and sail an 18-footer. When I was a kid we always looked up to 18-footers as the ultimate sailing boat in the world," he says. For Sorensen, little has changed. He still regards the skiffs as the most challenging class in the world, but believes it is also the most rewarding, even though it is getting harder to remain competitive.

"It's always been very physical and competitive, because in the past it has always been regarded as a larrikin sport, although it may not be as much now as it once was. It was very much a larrikin sport when I first started and I think there is still plenty of aggression in it.

"Now I think there is more pressure on people to perform because of the level of sponsorship. If we go out and fuck it up we might not have a boat to sail the next year.

"A lot of the aggression stems from this. It depends on how you perform, because if you don't, the sponsors might pull out and you don't have a boat."

Two of the best known 18-footer skippers who more than anyone typify that spirit of

aggression are the current joint world champions Brown and Barnabas. They have been arch-rivals for years and the protests after the last world championships came as no surprise to anyone who knows them.

Placid family men off the water, once Brown and Barnabas are in their skiffs they attack each other with an almost pathological ferocity. During one heat of the world titles last January Brown and Barnabas engaged in a tacking duel, the like of which has rarely been seen before outside America's Cup racing. *Southern Cross* and *Chesty Bond* tacked in front of each other up and down Sydney Harbor more than 20 times in a battle that disproved once and for all the oft-quoted theory that there are no tactics involved in racing 18-footers, just speed.

Brown and Barnabas have been two of the major figures in 18-footers for the best part of this decade. Both run very professional teams and their lives, until now, have revolved around sailing their skiffs.

Brown has made a name for himself in other classes, notably as a crew member on *Australia II*, although he didn't sail in the final series when Australia took the America's Cup from the New York Yacht Club. He was also a crew member aboard *Impetuous* when that yacht won the infamous 1979 Admiral's Cup race and seems to have a real future in ocean-racing if he can ever cure himself of the 18-footer bug.

Brown is regarded as one of the most ruthless skippers sailing 18-footers. That is not necessarily a criticism; in this class it is more likely to be regarded as an endearing quality. That ruthlessness also means success, as he won the NSW, Australian and, along with Barnabas, the world titles last season. He also captured the hat-trick of titles in 1985.

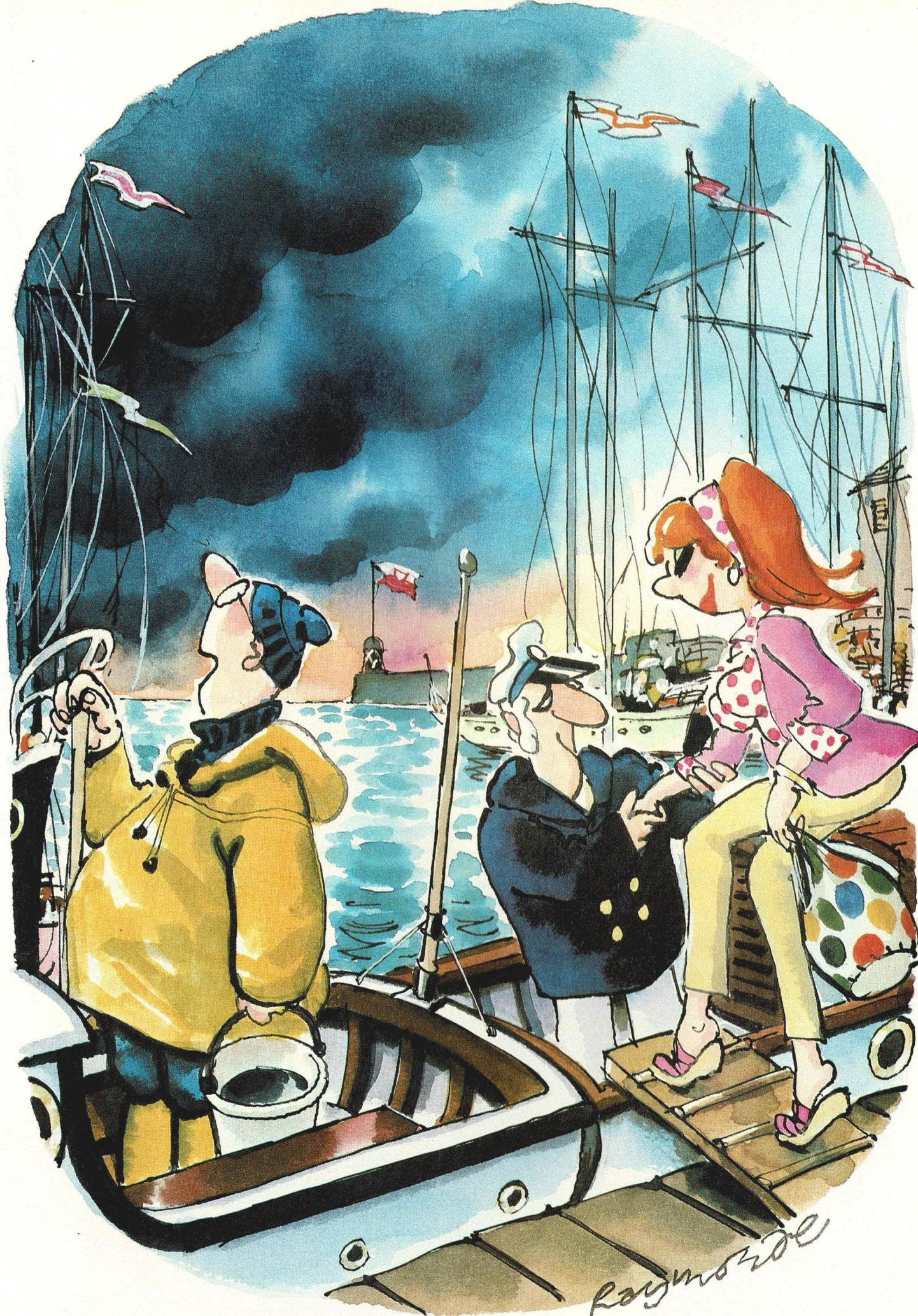
Barnabas may not be sailing an 18-footer when the season begins next month, however.

After nine years of supporting Barnabas the Bond company has withdrawn its backing for the sport. Barnabas could find himself another sponsor with ease but may have at least a year off and acquaint himself with his family.

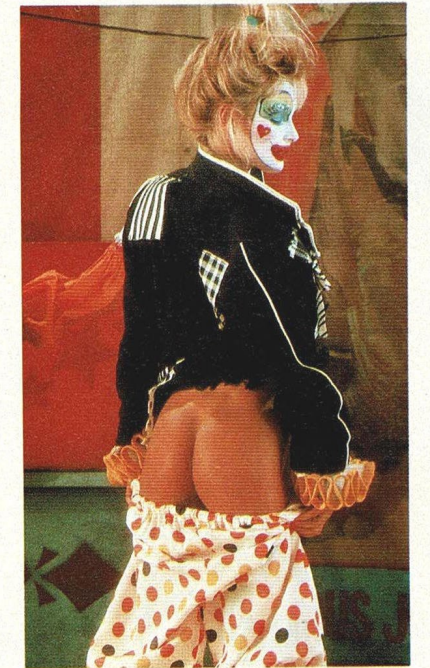
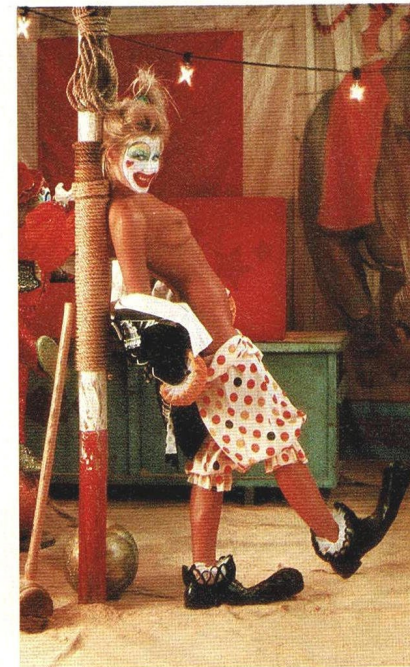
It is not an idea that will sit well with him after devoting himself to the sport for the past decade. In any case, the decision not to renew Barnabas's sponsorship is a shame, as one of the best known sights in Australian sailing for years has been that *Chesty Bond* and its big red spinnaker hurling up and down Sydney Harbor.

"If I don't sail again this season I suppose the thing I'll miss the most will be the sense of excitement and the competition," Barnabas says.

"The one thing about 18-footers is that they are very exciting to sail and nothing will ever take the place of that for me." It's a sentiment which would be echoed by everyone else involved in 18-footers. They're hooked on what they consider is the most exciting sport in the world.



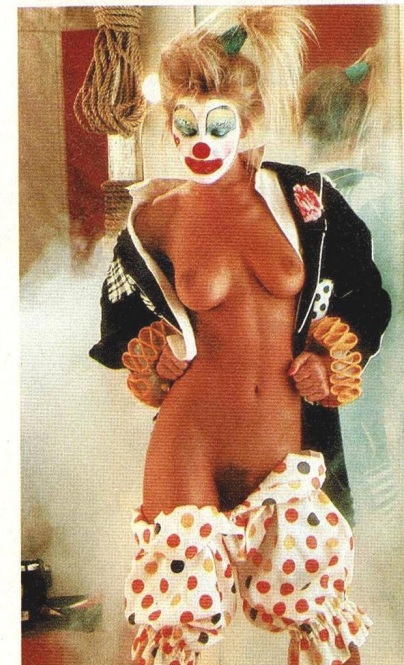
"Looks like some folks are in for one hell of a blow tonight, Doug."



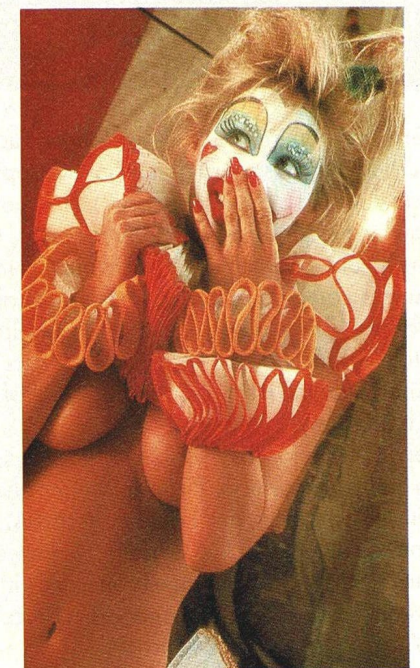
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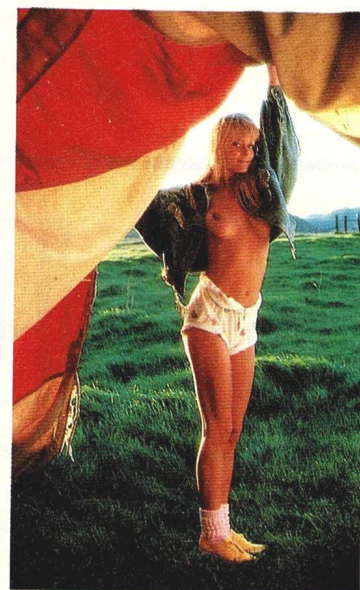
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GREAT•TERRI



AS A LITTLE GIRL being taken to the circus for the first time, she fell for the ringmaster in his top hat and shiny boots. "I was picked out of the crowd and won a stuffed toy, then I got my picture taken with the ringmaster and became the talk of primary school." Terri Doss, now 22, smiles, fixing blue-grey eyes on the memory. "But that wasn't my first performance." In fact, she was a stage veteran. Dressing up as Cher, miming to her records for her friends while her mum sold tickets for five cents, she had already become the talk of the neighborhood talent-show circuit. "I was quiet in school," she says, "but at home, I loved singing and dancing and playing dressing-up." Today, Terri dresses up for modelling and acting jobs, but she still takes living with a grain of sawdust and a wide grin.





Terri grew up in kind of drag — drag racing, a circus of a sport in which spindly cars hurtle down dusty straights at jaw-dropping speeds. Her father ran the local raceway and doubled as track announcer. Her mother sold tickets. Terri and her brother ran the souvenir stall. "Every Sunday morning, we would get up at six and go to the track," she recalls. "Sometimes, I got to hand out the trophies after races. But what I remember most is coming home and shaking off all the dust that I had got in my hair and my clothes." These days, Terri doesn't require a parachute to slow down her Toyota MR-2 but she admits: "I love to drive fast." Except for that minor vice, she lives a sensible existence, working hard and steering clear of the fast lane. "I don't do the party scene. I'm a homebody."

Terri rolled into Hollywood two years ago, determined to try her hand at acting. Called to audition at director Richard Donner's home, she bumped into a shirtless hunk sunning himself on the lawn. "I asked directions, and the guy looked up, my eyes got real big and I said, 'Are you Mel Gibson?' He smiled and shook my hand. He's a wonderful man," Terri says dreamily. "I hope I can work with him again — and soon!" Terri's role in *Lethal Weapon* was cut, but she appears in Bruce Willis's new vehicle *Die Hard* — as the beauty Willis bumps into in LA airport.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS



When the subject is men, Terri steers clear of current fashion. "I'm not into suits and ties, and I'm not really into workout guys with washboard stomachs," she says. "I'd rather be with a guy who has a beer belly. I think there's something a little egotistical about trying to look good all the time. I used to date a guy who was a mechanic. He wore a scruffy beard, blue jeans and a T-shirt, never worked out — and never knew how good-looking he was. That was what turned me on about him."

"I want to act, and I'm going to work hard on my acting, but I want to put down roots, too," says Terri. "I would like to be married before I'm 25 and have a baby before I'm 30." She grins at the prospect of juggling marriage, motherhood and a film career. "People say you can't be happily married in Hollywood," she says. "We'll see!" Terri Doss has too much going today to worry much about 1990 or 1995. "I'll be whatever — I really have no idea what I'm going to be, but I know I'm going to enjoy it. I never dreamed that one day I would be in *Playboy*. I never thought I was pretty. Even at 17 or 18, I had a fat baby face."

"I have a lingerie collection. I like to wear lace, suspenders and a nice silk nightie. I was going to go to a party in that outfit once, but I chickened out. I saved it for a more private time."



harem

(continued from page 51)

In 18th century China, girls who slept with the emperor had their bums stamped with indelible dye.

movie version, living in a harem is about as much fun as spending Christmas with your mother-in-law's family during a domestic crisis.

To quote Jack Palance: "Believe it... or not?"

BITCHERY RULES — OKAY

The keeping of concubines is not a Moslem privilege reserved for fabulously wealthy middle-eastern potentates. In biblical times it was common practice for a Hebrew man to have more than one wife. However it did not necessarily make for domestic bliss. The Hebrew word for concubine was *sarot*, meaning "jealous associate." (The Babylonians called their concubines *esirah*, or "rival".) As the Chinese, the Arabs and the Ottomans were to discover, this much sex could give you. . . well, a headache.

CHINA DOLLS

In the Far East, the personal harem was a means of keeping up with the Wongs. Even the middle class retained anything from three to 12 wives, while the nobility's personal stable was seldom less than 30. The size of the harem was a status symbol, as much as the bigger house, or a more expensive car is today.

Like the early Jews, the orientals were only too aware of the tensions inherent in the system, and a code of etiquette evolved, designed to overcome any bitchin' in the kitchen. This code manifested itself as *The Book Of Rites* and counselled the lord and master against showing favoritism to any of his wives.

"Even if a concubine is growing older," it warned, "as long as she has not yet reached 50, the husband shall have intercourse with her every five days."

Imagine you are a noble with 30 wives. Think you could keep them all happy and still be in the running for BP's Young Achiever Of The Year Award?

The debate raged on into the Middle Ages. In 1550 one Chinese father wrote a letter to one of his sons, impressing on him the need for caution when introducing new blood into his personal entourage:

"The right method," he explained, "is for the man to control his desire and for the time being not approach the newcomer, but to concentrate his attention on the others. Every time he has sexual intercourse with his women, he should make the newcomer stand to attention by the side of the couch. Then, after four or five nights, he may have intercourse with the newcomer; but only with his principal wife and other concubines present."

Anything for a quiet life. You might like to try it yourself when you're thinking of changing girlfriends.

COUNTING THE MOUNTINGS

This sort of wimpiness might have placated the Equal Opportunities Commissions of the day, but feudal lords like Kublai Khan would not tolerate it. When you've just subdued China, for instance, worrying about hurting someone's feelings doesn't really rate.

The Great Khan amassed an impressive stable of beautiful women with the methodical care of a chartered accountant. Every year his emissaries would gather four or five hundred young girls to be assessed for their suitability. This gathering of young talent would then be judged on a points system, similar to a modern beauty pageant.

The hundreds of contestants would be whittled down to a top 30, and Miss Hankow 1279 and the rest would be invited to share the Great Khan's bed for the next year. Imbued with a truly democratic spirit, the warlord shared out the also-rans among his most loyal noblemen.

By regularly trading in his harem, the Great Khan overcame the logistical problems that besieged his successors. Latter-day Celestial Emperors hoarded their carnal wealth to such an extent that they were forced to employ personal assistants whose sole function was to manage their sexual encounters. Like rock band managers do today.

It couldn't have been an easy job. The sex aide was responsible for ensuring that the emperor had intercourse with the right partners, on the right day, and at a suitable frequency. The day and hour of each coupling was then duly recorded in a notebook, countersigned by the emperor, and filed away for future reference.

In the 18th century a further refinement was introduced: girls who slept with the emperor had their bums stamped with an indelible dye, the time and the date recorded for posterity on their posteriors. The aides found that this reduced actuarial errors and made identification simpler.

It may also have meant that they got a better deal when they decided to trade in. Like having a second-hand car with a log book.

AND MOTHER MAKES 962

The archetypal harem of popular imagination is not oriental, but Ottoman. It is perhaps surprising to learn, then, that the great seraglios of the Turkish Empire were not presided over by the sultans themselves, but by their mothers.

Known as the *sultan valideh* she ruled the roost for her pampered son and was continually at war with the *kadin* — the sultan's favorite wife and mother of his heir — for control of the harem, of the sultan himself, and subsequently, the Empire.

Although starting their careers virtually as sexual slaves, some women rose through the ranks to become more powerful than the sultan himself. One Safieh, a Venetian noblewoman who was captured by a Turkish corsair during a naval battle and brought to the sultan's harem for His Majesty's pleasure, used her talents in politics as well as the bedroom to reach a position of unrivalled eminence.

While the sultan was debauching himself in his harem Safieh persuaded him to leave the bothersome requirements of state to her. She proved so adept that his one-time prisoner was finally entrusted with command of the awesome Ottoman war machine, successfully manoeuvring his armies and his fleets.

When the sultan died, Safieh's son inherited the throne. She then corrupted him so thoroughly — she insisted on providing him with a fresh virgin every Friday — that he soon lost all interest in state affairs and Safieh continued to reign supreme. She finally cemented his claim by having his 19 half-brothers murdered.

So much for the gentler sex.

WOMB AT THE TOP

The harem has been mythologised as a sort of steamy indoor swimming pool, with half-naked women dozing off in the shallow end: a cross between the Kirribilli baths and the Bali Hyatt. Reality was far more mundane: the seraglio comprised a complex female hierarchy with a number of separate departments and functions. It was more like a government department, except that sexual harassment was permitted.

For most of the girls, it was a pretty dull life. Aside from visits from travelling troupes of dancers and actors, and the occasional picnic up the river, there was little in the way of entertainment. The sultan would liven things up for them occasionally, but not always in the way they might have wanted; such as the time one Ibrahim tied his entire harem — 300 women — in sacks and dropped them in the Bosphorus, just for the fun of getting a new batch later on.

The older women of the harem had titles such as Keeper Of The Baths, Reader Of The Koran, and Mistress Of The Robes. There was probably even a Filer Of The Filthy Photographs. These women had invariably been passed over as *kadin*, and may never have even seen the sultan, or his bed.

Young girls with ambition intrigued to win the sultan's attention. If they had been given a job in the storeroom, for example, they might bribe the chief eunuch to transfer them to coffee-making. They might then be in a position to one day pour the great man his Nescafé and raise his temperature a little.

If she then won a place on his dance card,

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she was given her own apartment and her own slaves in order to prepare for what might literally become the night of her life. If, as a consequence, she was lucky enough to conceive and bear him a male child, she might one day become *sultan valideh* herself, and preside over her son's empire.

But there was also a chance that the moment's flirtation over morning tea might slip the sultan's memory completely and the night of nights might never happen. In which case the girl would find herself back where she started, a café bar in a kitchen.

THE ORIGINAL TURKISH BROTHEL

Other concubines strove to escape the system, and one in particular was outstandingly successful. Known to history as the "Filthy Sultana" she was a common harem girl for most of her life. When she was finally considered too old for further royal use, she was traded in to a local nobleman.

On his demise, she decided against drawing her pension and joining the local bowling club and instead went back into business. She made use of the skills she had been so carefully taught in the harem and set up her own brothel, training each of the girls herself. She took Istanbul by storm, and was soon supplying escorts to the rich and famous of the day. Her girls were in demand across the length and breadth of the Empire and the cost of their services soared, until they were only available to the very wealthy.

But one man, for all his gold, was never able to procure a single one of the girls for himself. The Filthy Sultana was able to extract the sweetest revenge of all when she finally received a request for one of her escorts from the sultan himself. His initial request, and all subsequent entreaties, were curtly rejected.

HAREMS SCARE 'EM

For every girl who beat the system, there were probably thousands who found their lives often boring, and occasionally, humiliating. The Ottoman sultans required their women to enter the bedchamber on hands and knees, head bowed, and crawl into bed from under the covers at the foot.

Any new addition to the sultan's harem was

consummated with the gala splendor that today accompanies the opening of a new shopping centre. On the appointed night, crowds gathered outside the seraglio to cheer on their hero to fruitful orgasms. Eventually, when the happy man came to the window to enjoy the afterglow (that's the time when you light the cigarette after, and it glows in the dark), he would be greeted with whistling, flag-waving and cheers.

All the girl got was the wet patch.

THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST

Owning a harem created more problems than it solved. For instance, the sultan was forced to extraordinary lengths to protect his stable. The creation of eunuchs was one of the more unsavory results of this not unjustifiable paranoia.

The popular image of the eunuch is a huge, bald, overweight negro with a cracked voice, a cross between Russ Hinze, Olivia Newton-John and Lou Gosset Jr. This stereotype is reasonably close to the truth, obesity and an unbroken voice being the natural results of castration before puberty. The Turks discovered by a process of trial and error that the rather brutal operation caused a much higher mortality rate among Caucasians than Negroes, and so white eunuchs became comparatively rare.

The eunuchs were not a happy bunch, as can be imagined. They were still strongly attracted to women, even though they had lost the instrument necessary to demonstrate it. The harem thus became a hotbed of frustration, filled with young women who had the right equipment, but rarely had the opportunity; and young men who had the opportunity, but didn't have the equipment.

Some eunuchs even smuggled artificial phalluses into the palace and played the role of lesbian to their charges; and there are even records in which harem girls professed to know ways of giving their eunuch lovers an orgasm, using a combination of strong aphrodisiac and urethral massage.

The eunuch's futile carnal desires might often work against him. One of the harem girls might deliberately goad him into touching her, then blackmail him into procuring favors from the sultan that she

might not otherwise be able to obtain herself.

Such a tension-charged atmosphere was ripe for intrigue. The eunuchs and the sultan's women channelled their frustrated sexual energies into court politics. The chief eunuch was not only the chief line of communication between the sultan and the girls, but also between the sultan and the outside world, and so it was inevitable that the sultan's *kadin* and the chief eunuch plotted endlessly against each other for power. The harem became a viper's nest of intrigue, bribery, extortion, plots and counter plots. It was, in fact, *Dallas* without the phallus.

KAFE SOCIETY

You might still be thinking it wasn't such a bad life if you weren't a eunuch or a woman. Wrong. Ever since the time of Murad III the princes were kept from birth in a *kafe* (seclusion) until the death of the sultan. They were attended by deaf mutes and sterile women. This was done to prevent insurrection among the pretenders to the throne during the reigning sultan's lifetime.

Consequently many of the Ottoman rulers were virtually vegetables when they came to power, and many of them had lost the power of speech. It was like spending too long on the back bench and then being elected prime minister. Prince Osman, for example, had spent 50 years in seclusion when he became sultan.

A PALACE OF MALICE

So despite the tales of debauchery and exclusive male pleasure that surround the fantasy of the harem, the truth was that there was trouble in paradise. As a consequence of their confinement, most of the girls were man-haters. Instead of becoming submissive nymphomaniacs the girls were bored and sexually frustrated, harboring simmering hatreds and resentments. The obvious focus of this hostility was to men.

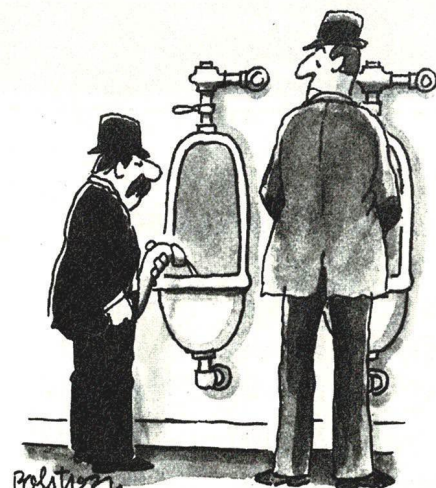
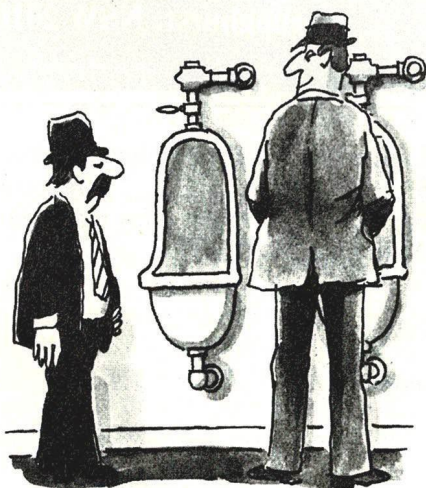
Indeed, any male breaking into the compound with carnal thoughts found a very different reception than the one he might have expected. The girls were only too happy to tear to bits any young blood who strayed into the seraglio, thus sparing their owner the trouble. (This is exactly what happened to one band of British NCOs in India. They were found in pieces around the maharajah's palace the next morning, while the girls of the harem sat around purring like contented kittens. The incident helped spark the Indian Mutiny of 1857).

So perhaps the myth of the harem is, after all, best preserved in fantasy. The oil-rich sheiks of the Middle East seem to have reached the same conclusion, judging by the time they spend in the London nightclubs, instead of in their personal seraglios in Riyadh and Bahrain.

It's possible the Ottoman emperors realised it too. The sad fact is that, despite the excess of women that awaited their every need, most of them preferred little boys.



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PAUL HOGAN *(continued from page 33)*

Australia is still a male-chauvinist bastion. And most of the women sort of like it that way.

we've got this false image of Australia.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you call most Australian directors wankers?

HOGAN: No, no. Let's get it straight once and for all. There *are* a lot of wankers in the Australian film industry, and after I said that, two or three of those wankers jumped up and said, "Well, what about Peter Weir and Bruce Beresford — ?" naming ones who were successful and *weren't* wankers. They were hiding their own lack of talent behind people who had succeeded. I never, at any stage, said they're *all* wankers. But there *are* a lot of wankers there who shouldn't be allowed to make films, shouldn't have access to public money.

PLAYBOY: You mean because the government in Australia supports film-making with tax dollars?

HOGAN: Yeah. To get into this thing of money being allocated by a government body is ridiculous, because anyone who's got any real creative entertainment talent is not sitting on some government board. They're not working for the government for wages. I told Phillip Adams, the head of the film commission [*and interviewer of Hogan for his first interview in Australian Playboy*], "You and your people are wankers. You take government money; you indulge yourself with it; you make failed movies." And now they're talking about setting up some authority which will decide what films will be made and who will get the money. Well, who are the people they're setting up? People with records as failed film producers! They're going to sit up there and decide whether this kid gets money to develop his script or one of their friends gets money to make their crummy movie.

PLAYBOY: How much of Australia have you actually seen?

HOGAN: Nearly all of it. There are some areas up in the far north-west where I haven't been, but neither has anyone else.

PLAYBOY: Where do you go for your vacations?

HOGAN: Tend to stay home. Used to go to England a lot until I got too well known. Then I started to come over here, to the US. I'd bring my whole tribe over and we'd go to Disneyland. But now it's got too hard here, too.

PLAYBOY: Women are among your most ardent fans, and you've emerged as a kind of sex symbol. How do you feel about the comparisons to Cary Grant?

HOGAN: [*Embarrassed*] It's fine to be compared to Cary Grant, who was so suave, so sophisticated —

PLAYBOY: So tall —

HOGAN: Yeah. And a *very* thick neck. He

was someone who could be a leading man and still be funny, and who got *better* as he got older. But *me* as Cary Grant?

PLAYBOY: Can millions of women be wrong?

HOGAN: Well, God bless 'em. But the idea of sex symbol has become so distorted. In Australia, it means the latest young star on *Young Doctors* or some soap, and it's almost a kiss of death. If some kid has got his TV work as a sex symbol, you know that within six months he'll be unemployed. And that he has no sex appeal at all. All those things about comparisons to Cary Grant, Frank Capra — they all come from experts later, not from me beforehand. I'm just a short Clint Eastwood with a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Have you had women running after you in the street?

HOGAN: Within reason, yeah. I went through all that in 1973, when I started. I was 31. And yes, I was a sex symbol for a year or two. But then I was around so much that everyone got used to me. And also, when you're funny and you do a comedy show, people don't tend to associate that with being a sex symbol. I'm not the type that teenage girls flutter over, but women have never found me repulsive and I don't mind it. And because I'm not a *smoldering* sex symbol, blokes don't get their nose out of joint.

PLAYBOY: Isn't part of the attraction that women somehow feel both intrigued *and* safe with you?

HOGAN: Yeah. It makes me sort of a boring, stodgy romantic. [Laughs]

STORYBOY: Speaking of sex, you showed the bare bottom of your co-star, Linda Kozlowski, in the original *Crocodile Dundee*. And you did a little body-baring yourself. Between you and Linda, who would you say showed the most skin?

HOGAN: The crocodile. [Laughs] The feminists sort of leapt on the movie and said, "They shouldn't have showed that girl's butt." I said everyone had seen more of my skin than hers. It was a totally nonsexist film. But they didn't see that.

PLAYBOY: Was it realistic to show Linda arriving in the outback looking for Dundee, wearing a T-shirt and no bra? Is that realistic costuming for an American stranger walking into an Australian rural pub?

HOGAN: If someone had that good a figure, yes. No one wears bras up there at that age, and she's of the era that went through the no-

bra thing. In Australia, the ones wearing bras are probably over 40 or under 20. But in that 20-to-40 bracket, they went right through the revolution and just don't wear them. A lot of people should, you know. But that's it. It wasn't even designed to be titillatin'.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you also had

your difficult moments. Can you describe the intricacies of doing your first nude bathtub scene?

HOGAN: [Laughs] Well, *that* was exploitation of the male body. That's the kind of thing the feminists should have been jumpin' on. Degradin'! But I did keep me hat over me vital parts.

PLAYBOY: How does your wife handle all the interest by the ladies and the media?

HOGAN: She shrugs it off. We've had a rule since I started in TV that I'd keep a private life, and I've sort of managed to do that. No cameras allowed inside my front fence; I don't do interviews with my wife or my kids. And that's the way I like to keep it.

You know, if a Peepin' Tom asked you some of the stuff a tabloid reporter gets away with, you'd hit him in the face. You've got a pen in your hand, that makes you entitled to be a Peepin' Tom? And where do you draw the line on how much of your private life people should know?

PLAYBOY: Since Australia is the home of tabloid king Rupert Murdoch, does the gossip press go after you?

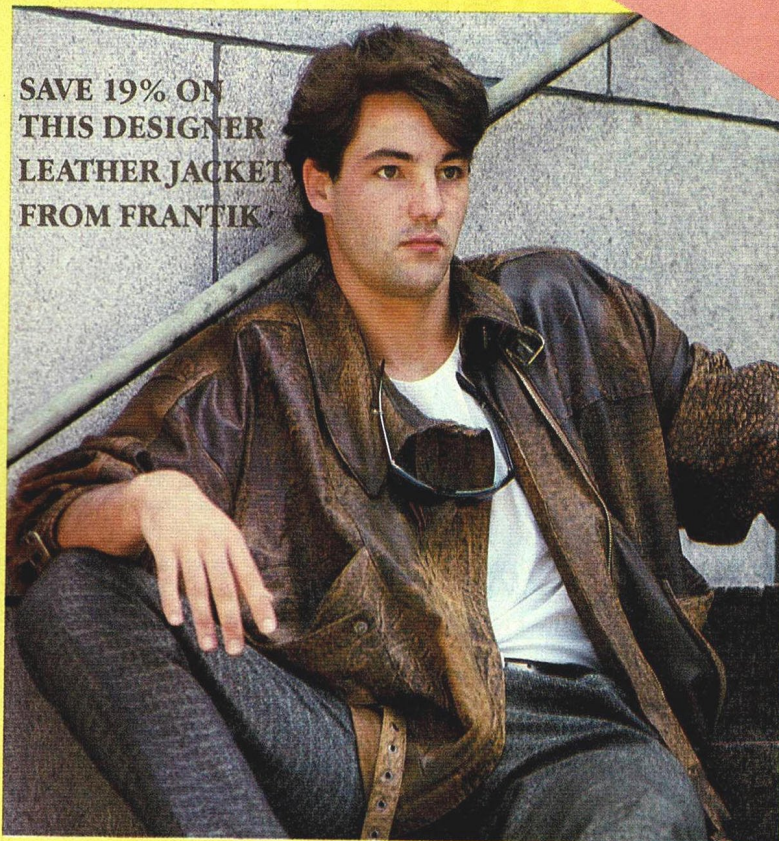
HOGAN: Not much of the snide gutter press does. I don't really have a deep, dark past people can dig up. Everything I've done, questionable or not, has been well documented. Also, since I had my own television show, if someone fired a shot at me, I could shoot back. Press conferences at home were often conducted in terror, because they all knew damn well that if they asked me a dumb question, I'd let the whole world know it was a dumb question, how dumb they were to ask it, and get a laugh, too. They had to think twice. There has always been this undercurrent of people wanting me to succeed because I represented the average workin' stiff to a certain extent. So if a journalist wrote that I was no good, he was also saying that every boilermaker and fitter and turner out there was no good.

PLAYBOY: Are you treated as a kind of folk hero?

HOGAN: I'm not a folk hero in America. In Australia, a country that's so short of folk heroes — which is another reason I made *Crocodile Dundee* — I probably do fit into that category. But I try not to be too tall a poppy that's just askin' to be cut down. I'm an ironbark tree: an ugly, gnarled old tree that you can't cut down, that you can't burn down. A bush fire goes through and floods come, but the ironbark tree still stands. If you hit it with an axe, it bounces back and it'll hit you in the face. If you attack me, that's what I do. And I did. I used my television show to criticise *everybody*.

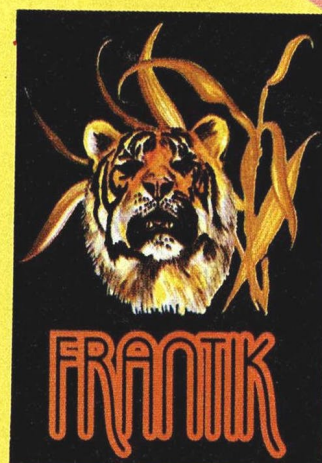
PLAYBOY: That period of your life has become legendary. All these years later, do you still feel like a rigger?

HOGAN: I guess there's some of that, though I wasn't born to be a rigger, either. But some things don't change. I guess that's what gave me an edge when I started on television. So many people who are involved in television — writers, producers, directors — never watch it. They spend all their time in board



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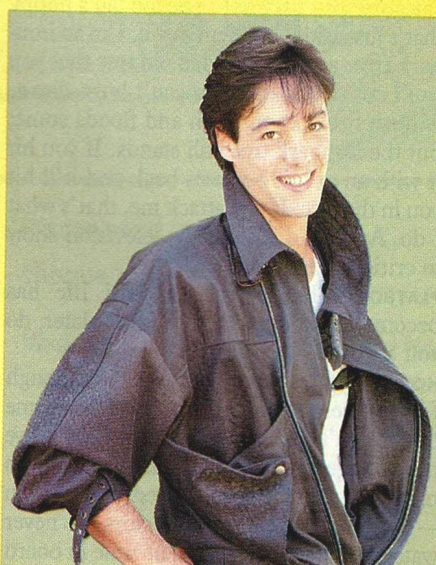
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meetings or being in the television industry. But until I was 30 years old, my only contact with show business was sittin' home watching Archie Bunker or *Star Trek* or *Bonanza* — probably 60 percent of our television is American. I didn't watch to see how it was directed. I watched for *entertainment*.

PLAYBOY: And you really think you can still speak for the average guy?

HOGAN: Yeah. Don't forget, I never stood in the bar and *listened* to what people were saying. I stood in the bar and *talked*. Even when I was a rigger, I wasn't gatherin' opinions, I was givin' 'em. That's not changed.

Y'know, I was *born* sort of average. I've still got a lot of natural blue-collar values, *because* I was a rigger. I never had aspirations of getting into the entertainment industry. I grew up, had a wife and four kids and appeared to be set in that rut — I might have become a foreman at most someday, or maybe got my own milk run. What was unusual was to switch so radically at 31.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that you have a very high IQ — about 140. Is that why you were reportedly a troublesome kid?

HOGAN: That's inaccurate. I do have a *strange* IQ. It was 140 in one test and 180 in another. Reporters who've dug back say my schoolmates remember my problems at school, my constant arguing with teachers. And it's true, I did, as a small kid, constantly question everything. They said I was a child prodigy, but I wasn't.

But I did have something that confounded the IQ board: there was something wrong with the way I thought. One side of the brain had an IQ they couldn't quite calculate and the other side was normal. So at school I was a bright student at the top of the class who would suddenly end up 34th. I wasn't cut out to be a student. By nature, I was a larrikin kid. I *was* in trouble a lot. My favorite subject was sport. So I had these confrontations with the teachers.

PLAYBOY: You were a rebel.

HOGAN: Yeah. I left school at 14 or so. I didn't want to be a swot. They even pursued me after I left, saying I should be a lawyer. But I had found work as a swimming-pool attendant, which was really a *good* job, until I moved on to something else.

PLAYBOY: By now, you must be used to some pretty big leaps. Going from being a star in Australia to being one in the US must have been jarring.

HOGAN: Well, I do get a kick out of it. But more jarring than the original change? I was makin' \$100 a week on the bridge, still travellin' to work on the train, yet causin' a big stir on TV. To go through that — to be a rigger who is becoming famous at the same time — was a very Rocky-esque experience. After that, to become famous in England, then Germany, then the US, was comparatively minor.

PLAYBOY: Minor?

HOGAN: Think about it. To go from being a TV star in one country to being a TV star in 10 countries is no different. To go from movie

star to rock-and-roll singer to being elected president. . . They're all just transitions. But none is as weird as goin' from regular, nine-to-five Joe Rigger, married, with four kids, to TV star in a matter of weeks. Nothing I ever do will be that radical again.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened to you if you'd stayed on that bridge in Sydney?

HOGAN: Oh, I might have jumped off. I was an angry young man. Round about the time I got off the bridge, I was frustrated, short of temper, with a cutting, sardonic wit. I really wasn't that nice a fellow. It was bitterness. I was driftin' from job to job and getting no feedback or satisfaction. I was doing something that I hated eight hours a day just to put bread on the table.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your predominant emotional state today?

HOGAN: Unemotional. Leaning toward happiness, I guess. I'm boringly sane.

PLAYBOY: Do emotions feel uncomfortable for you?

HOGAN: Yeah, sort of.

PLAYBOY: Why?

*The Aborigines are our
Indians. We took the land
and they have constant
protests for land rights.
Now they've got 12 percent
back, which is not too bad.*

HOGAN: Well, look at *Crocodile Dundee*. He's not exactly a ball of emotional turmoil. Sometimes — I hope — you can see what he's thinking on the screen. But he's not inclined to jump up and down or scream or burst into tears. No doubt he's like that because I'm like that.

PLAYBOY: When *have* you been overjoyed?

HOGAN: Good question. I don't remember ever being as excited as I've seen other people be.

But I don't seem as depressed, either. I'm basically happy. [Smiles] Any day that I'm in good health and the sun shines. There's hardly a day since 1973 that I haven't felt that way.

PLAYBOY: Considering the heights you've scaled since 1973, how can you be sure your tastes are still that of the average guy's?

HOGAN: All I know, and I don't dwell on it *too* much, is that if I think something is going to be funny, or if I really like or dislike something, most people must, too. So I must be a natural-born common man. It's not something I work on. It's just there. For instance, in Australia, whenever Channel Nine puts new shows on, they ring up my place and say, "How's it going?" I can save them the cost of a survey. If my wife and I and at least three of the kids are watchin' a show, I'll say, "You got a real winner on your hands." If it's only

my youngest son or my daughter, I'll say "Well. . ."

PLAYBOY: Benny Hill's show was often compared to yours. Did you object to it?

HOGAN: The comparisons *did* annoy me. But Benny Hill just does harmless-Charley sort of smutty nonsense. Runs around chasing girls in suspender belts. There was a big cry from the feminist movement, I think, when his show came to America, about how degrading his show was to women. I just saw it again the other night, and it was immediately followed by women's wrestling. There were these really butch birds, in sort of commando gear, beating up on harem dancers and girls in bikinis. And when they were pinned to the mat, they'd open their legs and writhe. And I thought, this is a program that educates the morons in this country to think that if you brutalise a woman, if you beat her up, she'll drop to the ground with her legs parted and sort of writhe seductively. Yet the same silly minds who sat there and condemned poor, harmless, silly Benny Hill for insulting women probably support women's wrestling because men have wrestling, so *that's* equality.

PLAYBOY: How do Australians look back on the Vietnam war of that period? Our countries fought side by side.

HOGAN: Yeah, we never miss a war — which is very strange for a country always talking about peace and nuclear disarmament. We're the only country in the world that hasn't missed a war since the Crimean. We were in World War One to battle the dreaded Hun. We didn't know who they were or where the Hun came from, only that they *weren't* going to conquer Australia. We weren't even on their map, and they probably wondered who the guys with the funny hats were. But because we're so far away from the rest of you, it was a chance for our boys stuck on farms to travel and see the world. We were also very good at war, because we lived on horseback and hunted for our food. When we got to Europe, we got a shilling a day and three meals and all we had to do was shoot people. It was a *picnic*.

Same with Vietnam. Your poor kids were coming from New York and Los Angeles and being dropped into the jungle on the other side of the world — a place Australians used to go for holidays. Consequently, our kill rate was seven times better than anyone's except the Viet Cong.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to Vietnam?

HOGAN: I tried to. I was too old and married, with three kids. So I was in the supplementary reserve. But I wanted to go, because I'd never been outside the country. I got to go to New Guinea. I was a demolition expert. I was of more use training the younger guys who did go to Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: People have also compared Australia's problems with its Aborigines to America's race problems. Do you think your treatment of Aborigines is racist?

HOGAN: It's not a racism problem. The only reason this seems like a black/white issue is because the Aborigines happen to be black.

It's more like your problem with Indians. You took their land off 'em and they want it back. The Aborigines are our Indians. We took the land and they have these constant protests for land rights. Now they've got back 12 percent of the country — which is not too bad, because they're only one percent of the population.

PLAYBOY: As Australia's Mr Everyman, you used to talk often with Bob Hawke. What were your conversations about?

HOGAN: We don't talk that much now. Once, I think he might have perceived me as a threat. We talked about the state of the nation — the kind of stuff serious politicians always talk about. Mainly, he wanted to hear my opinions, because he knew he'd hear 'em eventually on television, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Was it a big deal when he called, like getting a call from the US president?

HOGAN: No. We were on more equal terms. That is the thing about Australia. The prime minister of the country is... Bob. And he's even introduced at functions as Bob Hawke, not his honor, the prime minister. It's an egalitarian society and he's the most egalitarian prime minister we've ever had.

PLAYBOY: What about the rumors of your own political ambitions?

HOGAN: I don't deny them. I've always leaned toward benevolent dictatorship. I've often alluded to it. Been offered support. But I'm not too interested in being part of the party machine.

PLAYBOY: We hear about Australian demonstrations against nuclear weapons. Do you believe in the possibility of disarmament?

HOGAN: No, but it'll gradually scale down. Americans are more caught up with nukes than we are, because we don't have 'em. See, somewhere along the line you've got to realise that Russians are people, too. Somewhere over there is a wife cooking the beans, a kid doing his homework, a guy mowing the lawn. He doesn't want to disappear in a puff of smoke just as Americans don't. Unless you're stupid, you can't think of Russia as your traditional enemy; of everyone there wearing grey suits and red berets and marching like storm troopers. There's grandmas and babies and rock 'n' roll.

PLAYBOY: One thing American men are experiencing lately is a certain amount of bashing by women. Is that also going on down under?

HOGAN: Yeah, oddly enough. For a country that's traditionally male-chauvinist — always has been, still is to a certain extent — Australia was also the first country in which women got the vote. The women's liberation movement virtually started there when Germaine Greer wrote *The Female Eunuch*. Even the women's original marching song, *I Am Woman*, was by another Australian, Helen Reddy. Also, the first women tradesmen were in Australia, though mainly because all the young men got killed off in World War One.

But Australia is still a male-chauvinist bastion. And most of the women sort of like it that way. [Laughs] They run the country the old-fashioned way.

PLAYBOY: Do you think American men have something to learn from their Aussie counterparts?

HOGAN: Yeah. Don't fall for the sympathetic-wimp syndrome. Do the natural thing. It's probably something you can't tell anybody. You can't say, "Act like a man," if he doesn't know. I just roll along, even if they think I'm a chauvinist. That may be one reason a lot of women are seeing *Crocodile Dundee*. If you're a woman, at least you know who Mick Dundee is. You know he isn't going to come dancing out of the closet at night with your underwear on. But he will respect and protect a woman. It's his role. And therefore, to a certain extent, a woman will be capable of twisting him around her little finger. A lot of women sort of like the idea now of never lifting anything heavy in their lives and having men open doors for them — having a man for a slave.

PLAYBOY: So that's your answer to the question, what do women really want?

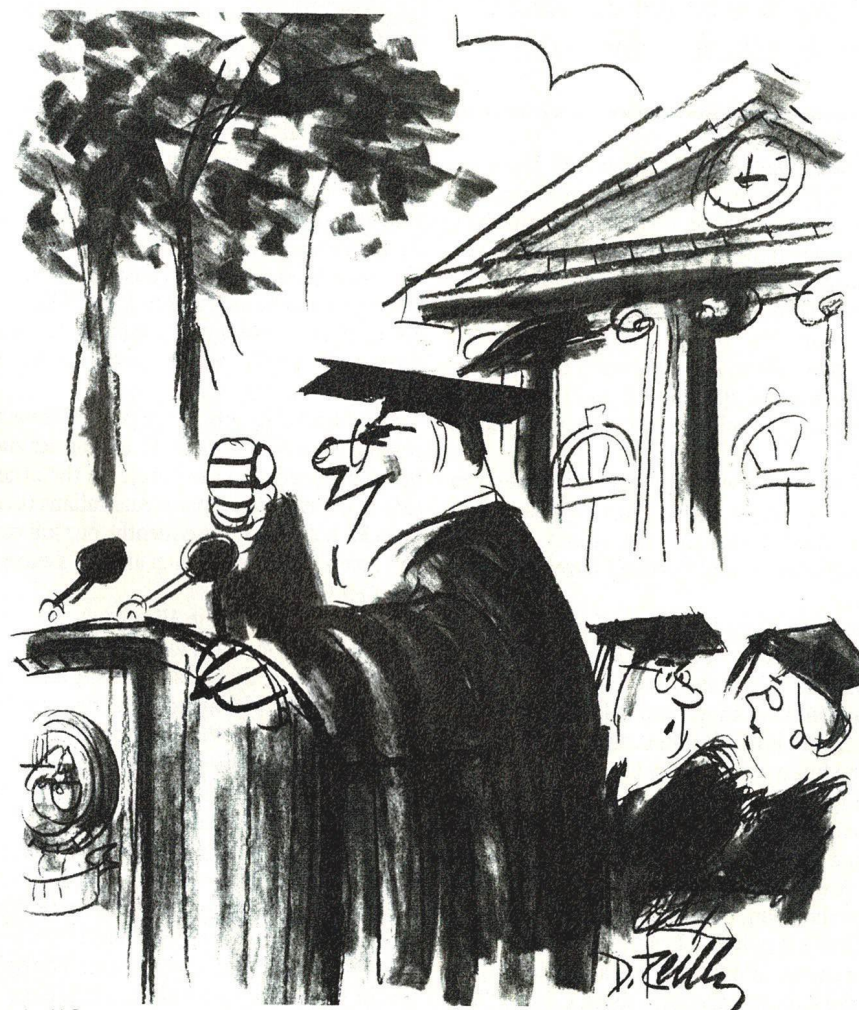
HOGAN: A lot of the liberation thing backfired because women don't really want equality; they want superiority. And in a way, they had it. They did. This is a corny example, but it's a classic. A woman pulls over with a flat tyre and goes, "Oh, dear!" And some poor man pulls up and says, "What's up, love? Here, I'll fix that for you." And he gets out and he barks the skin off his knuckles and gets dirty and sweaty and she says, "I couldn't have done it without you," and off she drives. She's happy and he's happy.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about condoms?

HOGAN: Don't like 'em. I hate the idea that they're having a comeback, even though when I was a teenager, they were compulsory. Everybody had that embossed ring in their wallet, just in case they needed it. In the event you got attacked by a woman, y'know. Then they disappeared for a while. It's terrible that they've had to come back again with AIDS and all that sort of rubbish.

PLAYBOY: Despite all the easy performing you do, there are those who say you're really a shy, awkward fellow who doesn't let down his guard. Now that we're about done, do you agree with that assessment?

HOGAN: Well, I don't think I'm awkward. The only awkward thing I did was swing into a wall instead of a window yesterday and that's because I was sliding down a nylon rope. And shy? No, I'm not really shy. I'll talk under water with a mouth full of marbles, as this tape will show you. I talk, all right. But that's it. You're doin' your job; I'm doin' mine. If I run into you at dinner tonight, I won't be tellin' you about my last project or how good I was and how I got a standing ovation when I did *Othello* or something like that. [Pauses] Nah. We'll probably just have a couple of beers.

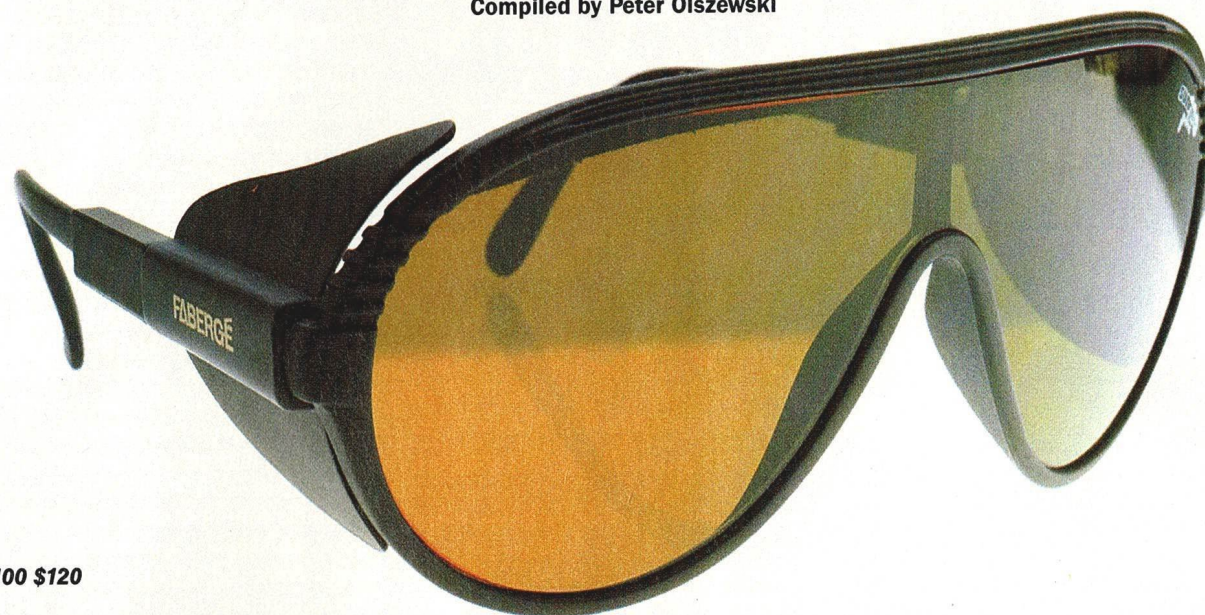


"Go out and give it your best shot — for this he gets a doctorate?"

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

What's happening where and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski



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Choosing sunnies used to be easy — each season a handful of new designs would pop up. You'd deliberate for a few minutes and then step into the bold Australian sun armed with your shades. But now the choice is absolutely bewildering: literally hundreds of designs, and this year has seen the launch of sunglasses designed for winter

use. Even fishermen now have their own special range. Jumping into the market for the coming summer is Faberge's new mid-price range (from about \$40 to \$50). Some are polarised, some have UV protection (particularly the driving glasses), and all are guaranteed to make you look spiffing.

WHISKEY AMERICAN AND BONZER BOURBON

Celebrated English booze writer Michael Jackson travels to France to savor the American whiskeys so popular in Australia.

THE NAME, OF course, is French. B-O-U-R-B-O-N. Heard a Frenchman say the word? They roll that R as though they were sipping whiskey. If the French had discovered it first, imagine the fuss they would have made over it. It was named after the king of France, Louis XVI, who was honored by having a county in Kentucky named after him. The gesture was a thank you to the French for supporting the Americans in the War Of Independence. Later on, they sent the Statue Of Liberty.

Merci, nos amis! Let's drink to that! Let's have a B-O-U-R-B-O-N. It is, after all, the spirit of independence.

The natural place to clink glasses to such an event is at Harry's New York Bar in

Paris, an institution that has been a favorite watering hole for peripatetic Americans since it opened on Thanksgiving Day in 1911.

At least a dozen American straight whiskeys are kept on the back bar, in the three classic styles: Kentucky bourbon (the sophisticated young Frenchman likes it straight up, in a sherry glass); Tennessee whiskey (as an aperitif, on the rocks or with a twist of lemon); and Pennsylvania-style rye (America's first whiskey, back in style, especially in a Manhattan cocktail). For the birthday of the Statue Of Liberty, they created a Franco-American cocktail.

THE LIBERTY COCKTAIL

30ml bourbon
15ml Southern Comfort
30ml French dry white vermouth
15ml Rose's lime juice

Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Decorate with maraschino cherry.

The French sip this as though they were saying B-O-U-R-B-O-N. *Magnifique!* The warm aroma and fleshy richness of the bourbon come from the smoothness of malt, the spiciness of rye grains and the sweetness of corn, all in one whiskey; the vanilla and apple notes come from the newly made oak barrel used for every batch, the mellowness from four summers' ageing in bluegrass country.

Such lyricism over a cocktail? Listen, this is France. These people *care* about sensuous pleasures. The French may love their wines, aperitifs and brandies, but they know that a country with its very own whiskey has something else to celebrate. The Scots, in their taciturn way, rejoice in the smokiness of their single malts. The Irish have volumes to say about their delicious whiskeys (that distinctive flavor comes from a dash of unmalted barley). The Canadians don't hesitate to tell us about the icy purity of their distinctive style

(which is really a blended rye). Let us now hear it for American whiskeys.

You don't have to be French to know that Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey is identified as such on the label, whether it is *Wild Turkey* (full-bodied and tasty), *Jim Beam* (more flowery, with a big finish), *Evan Williams* (quite heavy and sweetish), *Old Grand-Dad* (firm and hearty), *Maker's Mark* (smooth and very elegant), or the Western-sounding but Kentucky-distilled *Yellowstone* (fresh-tasting and complex).

Halve the proof and you have alcohol by volume. "Bottled in bond" means 100 proof and not much else. *Old Grand-Dad* has a smooth and profound version at 114 proof and 10 years, which should be served only in brandy snifters, either neat or with just a splash of water, and no rocks, as an after-dinner drink. The same treatment splendidly suits the 101 proof *Maker's Mark* or *Wild Turkey*.

To bring out the appetising aroma in a glass of whiskey, add just a dash of water, like the dew on a rose. (No, better make that *Four Roses*.) Once you have released the precious fragrance, the brandy snifter will retain it for your pleasure. Warm the snifter in your hands and you will enjoy the sweet promise even more.

The *Jim Beam* bourbons, ranging from the ever-popular white-label version to the five-year-old green and the 101-month-old black, lend themselves especially well to the gracious Southern habit of serving whiskey with food. Serve it straight, in a small wineglass, without ice but with a pitcher of lightly chilled or iced water on the table. One part whiskey to two of water makes a good balance.

Before dinner, Tennessee whiskeys seem to be at their best, either with a twist of lemon or simply on the rocks. Plenty of rocks but not too much water. With ice melting in the glass, half and half is water enough. Everyone knows about *Jack Daniel's* black-label version (90 proof). The green-label one is a mere 86 proof.

Kentucky Derby day is the mandatory time for a mint julep. Even if you are 5000km from Louisville, find a porch, preferably with a seat that swings, and laze while you savor the aromas of whiskey and fresh mint. You owe it to yourself as a consolation for missing the race. Perhaps Melbourne Cup day should become mint julep day in Australia.

For consistency, it is better to make juleps in bulk, but the following recipe is for just one.

MINT JULEP

Put a silver julep cup or tall glass in freezer to chill. Rinse 3 to 5 fresh mint leaves briefly in cold water and pat them dry. Crush them in small cup or glass firmly with back of spoon, but do not pulverise. Pour 60ml of your best bourbon on to mint. Stir. In separate glass, mix 45ml sugar with same amount of water and stir thoroughly until it forms a syrup (or use your favorite bottled bar syrup). Add to mint-and-bourbon mixture. Stir. Fill your chilled

Beam's Choice Green Label — five years old and great with food.

Wild Turkey — just a splash of water, no rocks.

Old Grand-Dad — serve only in brandy snifters.

THE SOUTH SUN

(Created by Jean Jacques Charbonnier, head bartender, the Plaza-Athenée, Paris)

45ml Southern Comfort
30ml Jack Daniel's
75ml orange juice
2 dashes grenadine
1 dash tangerine liqueur

Shake over ice and serve in large cocktail glass, garnished with orange peel.

THE PORTISCO

(Created by Trevisan Stefano, chief bartender, Hotel Gallia, Milan)

45ml Jim Beam
30ml Sambuca Molinari
15ml grenadine
120ml ginger ale

Mix straight in tumbler or old-fashioned glass over rocks and decorate with segment of orange.

THE PRESIDENT

(Created by Bob Burton, head bartender, The Ritz, London)

30ml bourbon
75ml cream
30ml banana liqueur
15ml Kahlua

Shake over ice and serve in cocktail glass. Sprinkle a little powdered or flaked chocolate on top.

You can also sprinkle several dashes of Angostura bitters on a cube of sugar in a tumbler, add 30ml or so of your favorite whiskey, top it up with ice and stir. That is, if you want to be old-fashioned about your old-fashioned. Cheers!



Beam's Black Label — flowery, but with a big finish.

Four Roses — release that precious fragrance with just a dash of water.

Jack Daniel's Black Label — plenty of rocks but not too much water.

Maker's Mark — smooth and very elegant.

YUPPIE PORN YAWN

FIRST, OF COURSE, there was plain, unadulterated pornography, then came soft-core pornography, hard-core pornography, child pornography, not to mention the New Pornography. Now we have, wait for it, yuppie pornography. But no, we're not talking about female stockbrokers indulging in frenetic sexual encounters with unopened bottles of Perrier. No, we're talking about a love, a passion, a fetish for expensive items, a dollar-inspired lust for things unashamedly upmarket that to some observers is so repugnant it borders on the obscene and, yes, the pornographic.

This is the gospel according to a Mr Bruce Handy, writer for New York's brash new satirical magazine, *Spy*. *Spy*, an Americanised version of Britain's *Private Eye*, or Australia's now-defunct *Matilda*, is the hottest thing to happen in recent US publishing. It's becoming so popular that the American intelligentsia have wryly noted it's now in danger of disappearing up its own bum. A magazine that fashionably sets out to be anti-fashion simply defeats itself if it becomes so popular that it becomes the new fashion itself. Phew! Perhaps the magazine's editors, subjected to that logic themselves, have wrestled with it and suffocated themselves with their own satire: they try so hard to be cool and distant that they've unwittingly started to lampoon themselves. Or perhaps Mr Handy's article, *Sweet Savage Teapot: The Rapid Rise Of Yuppie Porn*, is just a momentary aberration. Let's hope so, because much of Handy's reasoning would instantly earn an honored place in *Private Eye*'s Pseuds Corner.

Handy begins by defining pornography as "the objectification of bodies". Okay, that's dandy, but then Handy launches into his teapot opus: "Now imagine a teapot. It's been designed by a post-modern architect with a household name (well, in the right households). Hand-



crafted from the finest metals, it retails for \$100 in hushed, spacious stores with industrial shelving and salesboys who style themselves after Edwardian fops. The teapot gleams. Its form reveals a charming playfulness, balanced by its underlying architectonic sobriety... *Hey, kind of like my personality*, you might wishfully think, gazing upon it. Or you might sigh and daydream...

"Thrusting off the yoke of its original, dreary context as a utensil... sad cousin to tongs and strainers... the post-mod teapot becomes instead a symbol, a lightning rod for the economic and class aspirations of its owner."

Okay, so the bloody teapot's an expensive one. So what? If this is the basis of yuppie porn, I'm not exactly excited. Leave the poor yuppies alone: if they've got bucks to burn good luck to 'em. No real cause for righteous indignation here, surely? And if Mr Handy wants to get excited about stupid products, why didn't he pick on the Original Executive Briefcase Chair? It's the perfect size to rest a briefcase on, it costs \$US85, and it seems to be a perfectly stupid idea unless you happen to like that sort of thing. And yeah, it could be useful in producing *real* pornography.

GETTING LIST

TEN REASONS WHY BEER IS BETTER THAN WOMEN

THIS MONTH, a salute to the hidden creative geniuses lurking somewhere out there in the real world. These are the guys who invent sick jokes, spread urban myths and compile those silly lists and mock memos which are passed around the nation's workplaces. This month's *Australian Playboy* list is compiled from just such a mysterious office memo. If the guy who dreamt up this epic work is reading, our advice is: don't give up your day job!

1. If you pour a beer correctly you will always get good head.
2. You can have more than one beer in a night and not feel guilty.
3. Beer won't get upset if you come home with beer on your breath.
4. You can enjoy a beer all month long.
5. A beer is always wet.
6. A beer always goes down easy.
7. You can share a beer with your friends.
8. When your beer goes flat you can always throw it out.
9. Beer doesn't demand equality.
10. After you've had a beer the container is still useful.

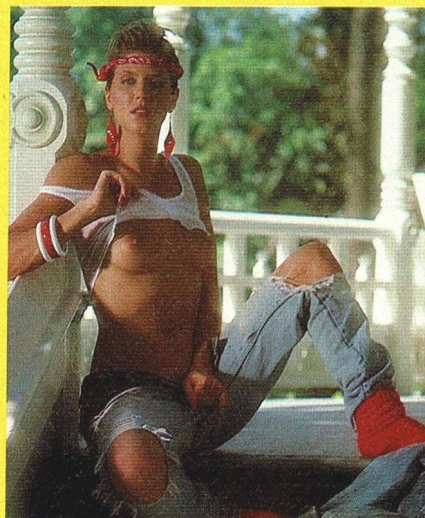
Next Month

GINGER DOES DOWN

UNDER: AMERICA'S LEADING PORN STAR LOBBIES CANBERRA'S CENSORS AND APPLIES THE HEAT.

MIKE GIBSON INTERVIEW:

AUSTRALIA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SPORTS COMMENTATOR TALKS ABOUT SPORT, HIS CAREER AND THE OLYMPICS.



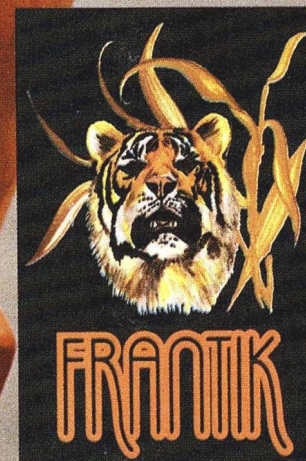
Ginger

LORDS OF THE FLY: EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FLY FISHING.

THE SEX QUOTIENT OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINE

READERS: IF SHE'S GOT CLEO ON HER COFFEE TABLE, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE FOR YOU TO GET INTO HER PANTS?

JODY REVS IT UP: OUR LUSCIOUS CENTREFOLD SHOWS AUSSIE MECHANICS WHAT A BODY SHOP IS ALL ABOUT.





Let yourself go

freeport 30s



SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning